The Outlook

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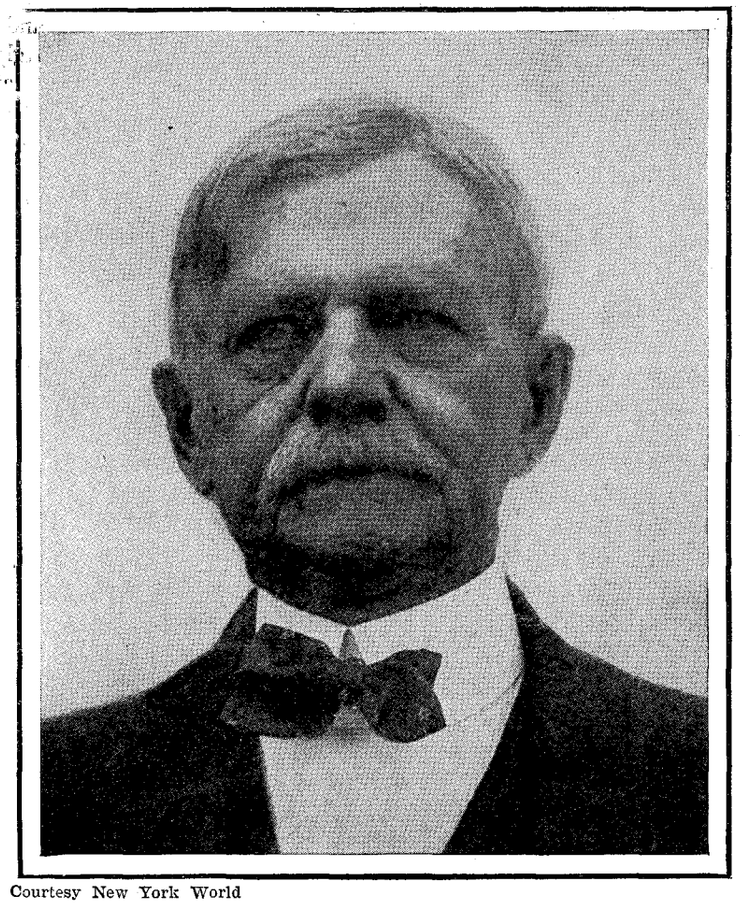
Freedom for Schools

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court, handed down on June 1, in the matter of the Oregon School Law was, as it was generally expected to be, a reaffirmation of the sound position taken by the Federal District Court in Oregon. It rejects the preposterous idea that a State has the right to compel all parents to send their children to the public schools when some parents are able and willing to send them to private schools and prefer to do so.

The principle is stated succinctly in the decision written and read by Justice McReynolds and concurred in unanimously by the other Justices. It says in plain words that the Oregon School Law "unreasonably interferes with the liberty of parents and guardians to direct the upbringing and education of children under their control." This perfectly obvious principle does not affect the power of the State to regulate, inspect, and supervise any schools or to set up standards of character and public welfare and patriotism for teaching. But it does declare that a Legislature may not abridge rights guaranteed by the Federal Constitution when the restriction does not have a "reasonable relation to some purpose within the competency of the State." The reason is well expressed in the following paragraph:

> The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the State; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations.

It would be impossible to pass such a law as that in question in Oregon at the present time. The action of the Legislature was political. The Ku Klux Klan in 1923 became an active element in Oregon party fights. A correspondent of The Outlook at that time remarked that, while the Klan programme was, "Down with the Pope and the Catholic Church!" the Pope had probably never heard of Oregon and the Catholics were a small element in the population. But, said our correspondent, "What are facts when politics are considered and the public mind happens to be in a state of acute inflammation?" In order to worry the Catholics the Legislature was forced to include all unsectarian private schools as well as Catholic parochial and Jewish schools. As we said at the time of the decision by the Federal Court in Oregon, "tyranny is none the less tyranny when it is imposed by a temporary majority."



Courtesy New York World

Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President of the United States 1912–1920

Thomas Riley Marshall

THERE has not been, in this generation at least, a better illustration of honors seeking the man than is shown in the career of Thomas Riley Marshall. He held no office until he became Governor of Indiana, and that he did not seek. The way in which he performed the work it brought him to do placed him before the country as a suitable man for President. With that highest honor seemingly in reach, he did not scramble for it. Yet if Wilson had not been nominated at Baltimore in 1912, the nomination would have been more likely to fall on Marshall than on any of those who led him in the balloting. He was nominated for Vice-President and elected; nominated again for that office in 1916 and elected. He was the first man in almost a hundred years to occupy that position for two successive terms. As he expressed it in his own homely way, he "had no intention of being the tail to Wilson's kite twice," but he accepted the work that was given him to do. After all, no kite goes very high without a tail.

Marshall accepted the office of Vice-President as worth for its own sake the work that it required. There was never any indication that he meant to use it as a stepping-stone. When he retired from it, he declared that he would never hold another office.

The Senate has rarely had so good a

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presiding officer as Marshall was. Much of what the Wilson Administration accomplished during its four constructive years before we entered the war was due to the salt of sanity with which Marshall seasoned deliberations that otherwise would have run to froth. He forced the Senate to do serious work by preventing it, with his saving sense of humor, from taking itself too seriously.

Perhaps Marshall's greatest service to his country was a potential one. Through all the terrible anxiety of the war period those who knew him felt that if anything should happen to the President, the Vice-President would be able to take up the work without permitting any sag. When the work of war and of the aftermath of war had broken the President and there came deep-rooted doubt of his ability to bear the burden longer, they had still the assurance that the country would not suffer if the helm fell to the hand of the second in command. He might, indeed, have been declared President if he would have permitted it. It was his veto which ended the incipient movement to have President Wilson declared incapable of discharging the duties of the office. What might have occurred if the duties of the Presidency had been placed temporarily on Marshall's shoulders will always be a subject for interesting speculation. It is possible that the United States would have entered the League of Nations with the Lodge reservations.

The Senate Rules

Vice-President Dawes and Senator Underwood, the leading advocates in their respective parties of revision of Senate rules, spoke from the same platform in Birmingham recently. Dawes stated his position perhaps more clearly than he had previously done. He pointed out the fact that the Vice-President is the only elected official having Constitutional relations with the Senate as a whole. He is elected by the people, not by the Senate. He is charged, as every presiding officer is, with concern for the common-sense expediting of business. All of this being true, Dawes considers it his duty to take the issue of the rules to the voters of the country. He declared his intention to visit the States that will elect Senators in 1926 and to ask "that the constituencies of those States, of all parties, see to it that this non-partisan issue is clearly defined in the primaries for the nomination of Senators."

Senator Underwood stated concisely what he regards as the absolute necessity for revision of the Senate rules. The Senate now, he said, is controlled by and reflects the will of a minority. That some rule must be adopted which will enable the majority of the Senate to control its affairs and conduct business in an orderly manner is, he said, an issue that appeals to the common sense and good judgment of the people of this country.

International

The British amateur golf championship was won this year by a son of Scotland, Robert Harris. The new title-holder has twice before reached the final round in this historic contest. The illness of his opponent made his final victory an easy one. When he holed the put which decided the championship, he was 13 up and 12 to play.

How this issue will affect the two parties and the Senate remains a question. That it will be presented to the voters and will play a part in the nominations to be made by both Republicans and Democrats can hardly be doubted any longer. In order to retain even a nominal majority, the Republicans must win all but about six of the thirty-four seats to be contested for in 1926. Republican Senators who come up for re-election, and whose renomination seems now to be practically assured, are for the most part not enthusiastic for the Dawes-Underwood reform. A few Democratic nominees favorable to the reform and judiciously placed over the country might be able to win enough seats now held by Republicans to destroy the Republican majority in the Senate. Whether Vice-President Dawes regards the reform as sufficiently important to outweigh the party element does not yet appear. There is room for a question, too, as to whether or not, having raised the issue, he can lay it after the primaries in those States where Republicans unfavorable to reform may be nominated.

In any event, Dawes has raised one of the most interesting issues that recently has entered into American elections.

Muster Day

President Coolidge has disapproved the recommendation of the National Reserve Officers Association that Defense Day be consolidated with Armistice Day, and that it be made an occasion for taking stock of the National defenses. Some of our readers may recall that The Outlook, in commenting on the controversy which raged over the first celebration of Defense Day last September, suggested that it be merged into some day of patriotic significance already generally observed. We suggested the Fourth of July. Armistice Day, the President thinks, should not be associated with anything suggesting preparation for war, its essential symbolism being that of making peace. The case is otherwise with the Fourth of July. That day marks the beginning in earnest rather than the virtual end of a war. It has always been a day of military show, and, if a defense-day demonstration is necessary, of which we are not fully convinced, the Fourth of July is the best day for it.

The controversy which preceded the first defense test indicated not so much opposition to it as misunderstanding of what was intended. Those in charge of the test, too, were unfortunate in the nomenclature they chose. "Mobilization," for instance, is not a pleasant word, and perhaps should never have been applied to a peace-time event. Profit has been taken from that error. The Reserve Officers Association has had recourse to the old term "muster," as better expressing the true meaning of a peace-time taking of stock.

Again the Einstein Theory

The most absorbing event that took place at the spring meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was the

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Face to face and frowning brow to brow

(Richard II, Act I, Scene 1)

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

Buzzards also come home to roost

From I. M. Horn, South Pasadena, Cal.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Listening in

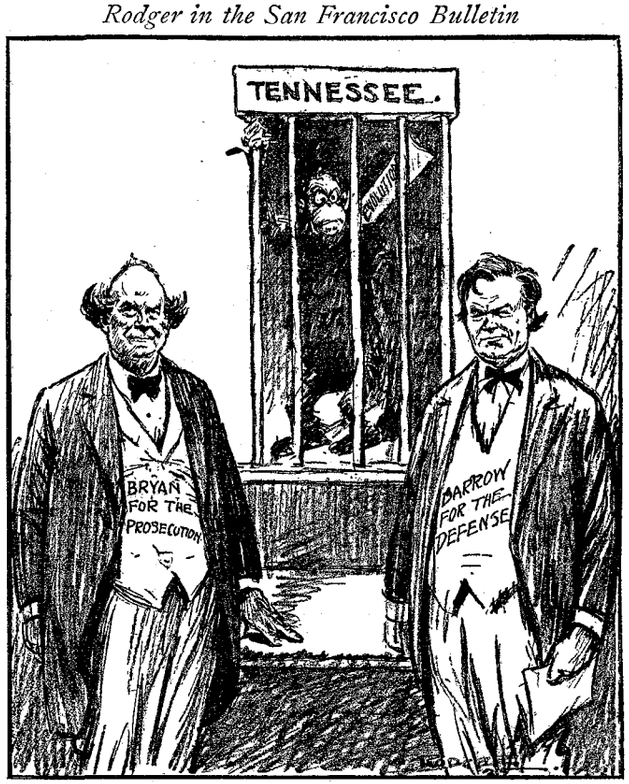
From Miss R. M. Buck, Phœnixville, Pa.

Knott in the Dallas Morning News

The path to the old well

From G. R. Farmer, Henderson, Texas

Rodger in the San Francisco Bulletin



Grandpa on trial

From Mrs. A. N. Hall, Berkeley, Cal.

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renewal of the controversy over the theory of relativity. As the result of recent experiments made by them, several scientists read papers opposing this theory, while others who had made other experiments read papers favoring it. When scientists fall out, what is the layman to do?

What is the present status of the Einstein theory of relativity, and is it yet an almost accepted fact or is it still "only a theory"? Frequently of late years we have read in the papers that it has been proved, only to read a few days later that it has been discredited. Many of these *pronunciamentos* come from the extreme left or the extreme right of the scientific house; but, while the great mass of thoughtful scientists now regard the Einstein theory as a very serious contender against some of the older beliefs as to nature, they do not yet regard it as proved, nor is it likely that they will arrive at this set state of mind for many years. Science must be cautious.

Professor D. C. Miller, of the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, has just performed over again the famous Michelson-Morley experiment of 1887, and he finds that the original experiment was incorrectly performed. What these two scientists had found was that there was no evidence that the earth, as it moves through space, drifts through an all-pervading ether, as was once supposed. Thereupon Einstein threw out the "luminiferous ether" of Lord Kelvin, Maxwell, and Faraday. All the phenomena of nature, he said, go on exactly as though there were no ether. Professor Miller, however, now appears to find that the earth drags some of the ether with it, just as a steamer draws along the water close to its sides. This contradicts the Einstein theory.

Relative Opinions on Relativity

A REMARKABLE, large-scale experiment has just been performed by Professor Michelson himself, now the greatest living authority on optical physics, who especially distinguished himself by perfecting, a few years ago, the interferometer method of measuring the diameters of great stars. This time Professor Michelson, with Professor Gale, constructed an immense rectangle of twelve-inch metal pipe, more than a mile in perimeter, exhausted it of air, provided it with mirrors at the corners, and then sent two beams of light around it simultaneously, one in either direction. Had these rays returned to the starting-point simultaneously, it would have disproved the Einstein theory; but they did not!

Dr. W. S. Adams, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, near Pasadena, informed the Academy of Sciences that the light coming from one of the extremely dense stars recently made known by Professor Eddington, the famous Cambridge University Einstein proponent, proves to be affected by the great force of gravity of the heavy star. This clearly vindicates the Einstein theory; but Professor Heber D. Curtis, of the Allegheny Observatory, opposes the Einstein theory on the ground that the measurements of star images on photographic plates of the 1923 Australian eclipse, measurements by which Einsteinism was then said by many to be finally proved true, were too scattered to stand as valid proof.

Before the Einstein theory becomes the Einstein Law and takes its place in physics text-books a larger proportion of scientists must believe it than at present; and even then it must rest under the full glare of scientific scrutiny a long time. No other treatment of such an all-fundamental concept is safe.

The French in Morocco

THE chief French victory in the Morocco war thus far was at Paris in the Chamber of Deputies when a vote of confidence in the Ministry under M. Painlevé carried by the smashing ma-

International

Moroccan tribesmen loyal to France

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jority of 537 to 29. After that indorsement we shall hear less of Socialist desire to make peace with Abd-el-Krim or to avoid entangling alliances with Spain.

When attacked, the first step to peace is to outfight your assailant. France did not provoke Abd-el-Krim or interfere in his quarrel with Spain. Morocco means a great deal to France; she has definite rights and obligations there, and she is in no wise likely to endanger her position in North Africa. The French Premier, however, has evinced willingness to hear Abd-el-Krim's claims and views. France is open to reason, but not to military defeat. If the leader of the Riffs can establish independence as against the puppet Sultan of Morocco, France may be indifferent; not so when he attacks French outposts and brings about actions involving altogether, as Painlevé admitted in the Chamber of Deputies, a loss of about five hundred men. The Premier says: "No Government, whatever, it might be, could have acted otherwise than has the present Government, nor with greater moderation, coupled with decision, unless it desired to abandon to the fanatic *harkas* the road to Fez, then all Morocco, and then all our northern African colonies."

Austria and the Settlement of Europe

It was very shortly after the Armistice that the terrible plight of Austria began to attract the attention of the international financier. Indeed, it was quickly recognized that the saving of Austria was essential to the saving of Europe. Economists, four or five years ago, were even going so far as to say that Austria, being what she was, the keystone of the trade and finance of Central Europe, it was essential to secure her rehabilitation, even at the cost of an international loan which could never be recovered. The question was seen to be, not whether the Allies could afford to help Austria, but whether they could afford not to help her.

Yet, in spite of this unanimous agreement that something should be done, nothing was done. Plans there were in abundance. They ranged all the way from Ter Muelen bonds to the pledging of art treasures and railways, but nothing came of them, and when the matter was handed over to the League of Nations, in 1922, the action was regarded in many quarters as a last resort of the destitute. The story of how the League tackled the matter—how an international committee, under the able leadership of the doughty burgomaster of Rotterdam, Dr. Zimmerman, entered Austria, stopped the printing-presses in their mad career of flooding the country with paper money, demanded and effected drastic economies, restored confidence and credit, and, finally, secured an international guaranty for a rehabilitation loan—is one of the great stories in the tragic history of European peace-making.

(C) Paul Thompson

Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Repington

Almost immediately the Austrian crown, which had outstripped the mark in the fantasy of its gyrations, was stabilized; it has remained stabilized ever since, and the work of restoration, although slow, has gone steadily forward.

The great problem with which Dr. Zimmerman was faced, with which he is still faced, was the vast army of dispossessed Government officials which crowded into Austria after the splitting up of the old monarchy. For three years now he has been steadily engaged in reducing this "personnel," and in the process has aroused a storm of opposition from within to which may be traced the present widespread effort to discredit his administration. Austria is about to throw in her lot with Germany! Austria is on the verge of a great financial collapse! The Zimmerman policy is only a policy of make-believe; the ruin when it comes will be the more terrible by reason of the efforts made to postpone it!

To all of which this very able, very solid, not to say stolid, man from Rotterdam makes reply to the effect that there is no occasion for gloomy views; that the crown is still as stable as ever; that the service of the loan is assured; that a considerable portion of the loan still remains on hand; and that revenues and customs are sufficient to meet all commitments.

Dr. Zimmerman is a man of few words, but he has a curious way of inspiring confidence. No one, it may be ventured, who has talked to him on the subject can doubt his devotion to the great task he has on hand, or the justice of his trust in the ultimate success of his efforts. "It will take time," he once remarked to a representative of this paper at Geneva; "it will take time—and patience. But, in the end, we shall be successful."

An Audacious Military Critic

There are occasions even in war time when indiscretion is patriotism. One of those crises when quick publicity was much needed existed when Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Repington, then acting as war correspondent for the London "Times," telegraphed his paper, on May 12, 1915, "The want of an unlimited supply of high explosive shells is a fatal bar to our success." Others knew the fact; but Colonel Repington dared to take the official bull by the horns. Kitchener was absorbed in raising men; Lloyd George was exhorting to patriotism; the press was afraid of incurring censure. The warning was needed, and was heeded: From that day on England forced her munition factories to the limit.

Colonel Repington's death on May 25 has recalled attention to this critical incident of the Great War. For many Americans also it has recalled Colonel Repington's generous and cordial praise of American conduct in the war and of the American plan, persevered in against foreign military pressure, of keeping American forces together as far as possible.

It is not often that a newspaper war correspondent is also an officer who has seen service in actual warfare. Colonel Repington was with Kitchener in the Khartum campaign, and with Buller at the siege of Ladysmith.

As a correspondent he was often accused of excessive pugnacity in favor of his own theories and of lack of tact in commenting on negotiations or policies still under way. He left the London

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"Times" because he thought it was not decided enough in its criticism of military and political leaders, and as a writer for the "Post" he was often ironically personal. He wrote too rapidly and voluminously not to make some mistakes, but as a whole his work as critic and military expert did good in bringing things to the light that etiquette and red tape would have smothered.

The Oil Lease in Court

THE payment by Edward L. Doheny to Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior, of $100,000 constituted a fraud upon the United States Government in connection with the leasing of Naval Oil Reservation No. 1, Elk Hills. President Harding exceeded his Executive authority when he undertook to transfer from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior the power to make leases of Naval oil lands. On these two grounds Judge McCormick declared the lease void, handing down the decision in the United States District Court in Los Angeles after he had held the case under advisement for more than six months. The Doheny companies are required to pay for the oil they have taken from reserve, subject to credit by an amount equal to whatever expense they have been at in the construction of oil-storage facilities at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. The details of these payments are to be worked out by a special master in chancery.

Judge McCormick's decision is, of course, far from final. The Doheny companies already are preparing to appeal, and the case will, as it should, go by progressive steps to the Supreme Court of the United States for final decision. The question of the wisdom or unwisdom of a leasing policy, properly safeguarded, was not before the trial court and cannot be brought before a higher court on appeal, but, aside from that, here is a lawsuit of exceptionally large importance. It is for the good of the country that the cumulative wisdom of all the courts through which it will pass be distilled in the final decision. Not history alone, but governmental policy on a large scale and for a long time, is in the making. In this case is involved the breaking of new judicial ground. Never before, so far as we can ascertain, has a Court declared an act of the President of the United States to be in excess of the Presidential power. In addition to the other important matters to be decided, it appears that there is to be a clearer marking out than we have heretofore had of the powers of the coordinate branches of the Federal Government.

In the long view, the second of Judge McCormick's reasons for canceling the Doheny lease is much the more important. The decision of a Court that the President of the United States took action for which he had no authority is the laying down of a principle which will be far-reaching. The decision of a Court that Albert B. Fall accepted money for performing an official act while he was Secretary of State—that is the judicial recording of a sordid incident which, while it may stand in history as the branding of a sort of civilian Benedict Arnold, is still the revelation of a thing so mean that it cannot be exalted, though multiplied millions of wealth is involved, to heroic size.

The severity with which the Court condemned Fall's act in accepting $100,000 of Doheny's money was hardly exceeded by Senator Walsh in his most scathing utterances during the Senatorial investigation. The veil of mercy which was sought to be thrown over it by saying that it was a personal transaction between old friends Judge McCormick tore away. Fall's acceptance of this money, he said, involved "colossal infamy, regardless of whether it was a bribe, a gift, or a loan." And, he concluded, "the injury that has been done the Nation, as well as the distrust of public officers that it has caused, cannot be overestimated."

This is the first completed judicial act in the thorough process of justice which President Coolidge promised when he appointed Atlee Pomerene and Owen Roberts to see that if any persons had taken the Government's property unduly they should make restitution, and that if any had been guilty of crime they should be punished. Much remains to be done in the courts before the scandal of the oil leases becomes a closed chapter. The Sinclair case, involving the leasing of the Teapot Dome Reserve, is still to be decided. The facts relied upon by the Government do not differ greatly from those in the Doheny case. The circumstances of a money payment to Fall were less flagrant, but a transfer of bonds in a much larger sum is charged. Sinclair, too, got his lease through Fall, and Fall's authority to make a lease rested upon that transfer of power which President Harding sought to make from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior. If the decision in the Sinclair case agrees with that in the Doheny case, this will constitute sufficient ground for canceling the Teapot Dome lease. The country will await with keen interest the decision of this point in the Sinclair case.

Another chapter that remains to be written is the criminal trial in Washington of Fall and Doheny. They recently have been reindicted on the charge of conspiring to defraud the Government. The original indictments were quashed on a technicality, but the new ones, while they do not charge bribery, as the old ones did, are of broader scope. They charge as a part of the conspiracy the concealment of what was being done and the completion of the transaction with Doheny without competitive bidding.

What one Court holds in a civil case is supposed to have no bearing on what another Court will hold in a criminal case involving the same facts. It is an interesting fact, however, that the California Court held in the civil case that Fall and Doheny did conspire to defraud the Government and that the negotiations were kept secret "in order that Congress and the public should not know what was being done, and not for military reasons."

It is an interesting fact, too, that the California Court found occasion to confirm what the public long ago decided—that former Secretary of the Navy Denby was not guilty of any wrongdoing, but was merely passive. It found occasion to say, too, that Admiral Robinson, who was the most active Naval officer, "had no ulterior motive or mercenary purpose in any of the transactions involved in the case." He apparently was prompted by a sincere belief that leasing the reserves was the best policy for the Navy.

On the whole, the decision in the Doheny lease case goes far to efface the unpleasant memory of the Senatorial investigation. But for that investigation these tremendously important matters might never have been brought into the courts, and the bringing of them into the courts has marked the dawn of a new day in the National conservation policy. That will remain true, no matter what the higher courts may hold as to the

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validity of the leases. In justice to Senator Walsh, who conducted the Senatorial investigation, it ought to be said that the findings of the Court in the Doheny case do not differ greatly from his own calm judgment when the investigation was ended. What he said and did in the heat of the investigation need not be too persistently held against him.

The Gate of the West

KENTUCKY is holding this summer a celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding, the chronology running from that spring day of 1775 when the party led into the Wilderness by Daniel Boone entered into a compact and chose officers for the Government of the Commonwealth of Transylvania. This event came hardly more than a month after the arrival of Boone's party at the open meadow which became the site of Boonesborough and the center of the Transylvania enterprise, though James Harrod had already established a settlement which continues to this day as Harrodsburg. Honor is to be paid to the memory of Harrod as well as of Boone, though the Boone tradition dominates.

But something greater is to be celebrated than the birth of a settlement which grew into a State or the founding of a wilderness commonwealth which is acclaimed as the prototype of American self-governing States. There is to be celebrated the beginning of that greatest of frontier dramas, the movement westward from the crest of the Alleghanies which was never to rest until it carried settlement and civilization across three thousand miles of forest and plain, desert and mountain ranges, to the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

The movement of Boone and his band of pioneers into the wilderness of Kentucky, to make themselves homes there, was one of the first of the definite efforts to gain and hold the West to Anglo-Saxon civilization. An eager, expansive force was trembling everywhere in the troughs of the mountains. It broke over first into the valleys of what is now East Tennessee. There in 1772, three years before Boonesborough and the Transylvania compact, the Watauga Association wrote a constitution and established a popular government. The Watauga settlement became the center, west of the crest, from which the wilderness movement radiated. Out of it ran two avenues to the unknown, old Indian trails, of about equal importance.

The Wilderness Trail ran through Cumberland Gap across the Kentucky country to the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now is. Across the country which is now Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. The Natchez Trail ran southwest to the Mississippi River. Along these, as well as along that more northern one into the Muskingum Valley of Ohio, explorers and aimless wilderness lovers had trekked long before. Indeed, it was the lure of the wonder tales which John Finley brought back from the Ohio, to which he had penetrated along the more northern route, that sent Boone on his first and almost solitary hunt for a southern approach to that stream. The Natchez Trail also had been trod by other than moccasined feet. Kasper Mansker had even made it, as early as 1769, something of a commercial highway to New Orleans and the towns of the lower Mississippi, and had brought back over it droves of Spanish horses for the new settlements.

All of this detracts nothing from the worth of Boone's push westward from Watauga through Cumberland Gap along the Wilderness Trail toward the establishment of a community—toward the planting, unconsciously perhaps, of the seed of a score of States. The greatness of Boone's achievement is not lessened, either, by the fact that in this enterprise he acted as the agent of another man. The Transylvania enterprise was a speculative venture. Richard Henderson had traded with the Cherokees and had acquired dubious title to their hunting-grounds in Kentucky. It was to take possession of his purchase that he sent Boone and his party to establish a settlement. The Transylvania compact was that of a proprietary colony. Virginia afterwards declared Henderson's title void, but gave him and his associates 200,000 acres in compensation for what they had done toward opening up the wilderness.

Transylvania lives only in the name of a school, but Boone lives in imperishable romance. To generation after generation of young people his name will continue to typify the heroism which won the West. Theodore Roosevelt says of him in his account of that struggle of civilization with the wilderness:

> Boone is interesting as a leader and explorer; but he is still more interesting as a type. The West was neither discovered, won, nor settled by any single man. It was the outcome of the ceaseless strivings of all the dauntless, restless backwoods folk. We owe the conquest of the West to all the backwoodsmen, not to any solitary individual among them; where all alike were strong and daring there was no chance for any single man to rise to unquestioned pre-eminence.

Kentucky is celebrating, therefore, the prowess, not of one man, but of a dauntless host whose names we do not know. The statue by Enid Yandell which will be unveiled at Harrodsburg will stand as a monument not only to Boone, but also to those who, by the wilderness and the Natchez and all other westward-running trails, fared on into the unknown wilds to lay the stepping-stones for civilization across a continent.

Emily Dickinson

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHY have women written so little enduring poetry? They are capable of it. One of the most famous of all poets, whose renown half a millennium before Christ rivaled that of Homer, was a woman, and she not only wrote poetry but founded a poetic school in which women competed successfully with men. Since the days of Sappho, the Greek poetess, women have been content or compelled to remain on the plane of minor versifiers. Two thousand years after Sappho Elizabeth Barrett Browning appeared in England. But, while her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" gave her a splendid reputation, she is still a "minor" when compared with Keats or Shelley or Wordsworth or her puzzling husband.

Perhaps somebody has edited and published an anthology of poetry by women, although I do not know of any such volume. I offer the suggestion of such a work as an interesting possibility to some graduate in arts and letters who is leaving one of the women's colleges this June, and who is ambitious to launch herself upon a literary career.

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The volume should be preceded by an introductory essay explaining why there are no modern Sapphos. The present article makes no pretense of being such an essay. It is merely prompted by the recent death of Amy Lowell and the very interesting editorial about her by one of my colleagues in The Outlook of May 27. The following passage in that editorial goes far towards answering the question with which this article begins:

> If you have read Amy Lowell's flashing verses, if you have delighted in the keenness of her mind or the daring of her technical methods, try to call to mind as many as possible of her phrases or her imageries. Can you quote, after a reading, any of her poems? Is the magic they possess a stimulant of the moment, or do you take from her work an increased store of understanding of the secret of beauty and the integrity of form, or a new comprehension of the high passions of mankind?
>
> Your answer will be your own. Whatever it is, the fact cannot be ignored that the quality of memorability, the quality of universality, cannot be ignored in estimating the power of a poet to endure.

When my unknown girl graduate makes her anthology—which, by the way, she might call, in imitation of Francis Palgrave's immortal collection, "A Silver Treasury of Women's Songs and Lyrics"—I hope she will give considerable space to Emily Dickinson, whose work, born in singular obscurity, is steadily growing in its reputation for beauty. If memorability and universality are the test of permanence in poetry, it may not be extravagant to call Emily Dickinson the American Sappho.

She was born, lived, and died in the little New England college town of Amherst, Massachusetts. As an Amherst undergraduate from 1877 to 1881 I used to pass her house daily, but none of us knew then that she wrote poetry. We simply spoke of her as "queer," a mysterious member of the aristocracy of that college community. Her father had been earlier in the century the treasurer of the College, an office which her distinguished-looking brother at that time filled. I never saw her, although I well knew other members of her family; but I often glanced at her house, a fine old brick mansion which stood behind a hedge embowered in beautiful trees, as if it were a house of mystery. It was whispered that an unhappy love affair had driven her into the life of a recluse. At that time she was about fifty years of age. She died five years after my graduation. Four years after her death her poems, written purely for self-expression and without the slightest notion that that they would ever see the light, were collected and published by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who speaks of them as "more suggestive of the poetry of William Blake than anything to be elsewhere found—flashes of wholly original and profound insight into nature and life; words and phrases exhibiting an extraordinary vividness of descriptive

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and imaginative power, yet often set in a seemingly whimsical or even rugged frame."

Amy Lowell was a woman of the world, and Emily Dickinson a woman of unique withdrawal from the world; yet the former's reactions to life seem to me limited when compared with the universality of the latter's emotions and comprehensions. It is not surprising that Emily Dickinson should have loved Nature, for Nature was almost her sole companion for many years. But that she should be a witty epigrammatist is less explicable. Possibly the explanation lies in the fact that as a young girl she was sprightly and vivacious, and that her earlier letters disclose some of the good-humored rebelliousness of the modern flapper. Amy Lowell never could have written this, for instance:

> I'm nobody! Who are you?
> Are you nobody, too?
> Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
> They'd banish us, you know.
>
> How dreary to be somebody!
> How public, like a frog
> To tell your name the livelong day
> To an admiring bog!

The memorability of Emily Dickinson's poems is so great, in spite of their slightness of volume, that I should like to make many quotations, but I shall have to content myself, on account of the limits of space, with two more. Where can be found a more infectious expression than the following of the intoxicating power of beauty—not even in Keats, I venture to think:

> I taste a liquor never brewed,
> From tankards scooped in pearl;
> Not all the vats upon the Rhine
> Yield such an alcohol!
>
> Inebriate of air am I,
> And debauchee of dew,
> Reeling, through endless summer days,
> From inns of molten blue.
>
> When landlords turn the drunken bee
> Out of the foxglove's door,
> When butterflies renounce their drams,
> I shall but drink the more!
>
> Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
> And saints to windows run,
> To see the little tippler
> Leaning against the sun!

Thomas Wentworth Higginson divided Emily Dickinson's poems into four groups—poems of Life, of Love, of Nature, and of Time and Eternity. The "Little Tippler" he puts in the Life group. Many among the Nature poems are full of surprising imagery and arresting similes. A good example of Emily Dickinson's use of substantive and adjective in expressing a striking simile is found in "The Snake"—a singular subject for a nunlike poet. In its masculine power of subjective and objective feeling it recalls William Blake's "Tiger, tiger burning bright in the forests of the night:"

> A narrow fellow in the grass
> Occasionally rides;
> You may have met him,—did you not,
> His notice sudden is.
>
> The grass divides as with a comb,
> A spotted shaft is seen;
> And then it closes at your feet
> And opens further on.
>
> He likes a boggy acre,
> A floor too cool for corn.
> Yet when a child, and barefoot,
> I more than once, at morn,
>
> Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
> Unbraiding in the sun,—
> When, stooping to secure it,
> It wrinkled, and was gone.
>
> Several of nature's people
> I know, and they know me;

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I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But I never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

It will be seen from the foregoing quotations that Emily Dickinson was not a technician. She was more interested in the imagery of poetry than in its music, although she had an ear for its rhythm and cadence. She was neither an apostle nor a disciple of free verse, but she wrote with perfect freedom. When rhyme came spontaneously, she used it; when it did not, she ignored it. But if Macaulay's definition of poetry is correct—"The art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors"—then Emily Dickinson was a true poet, an original product of our soil of which we may well be proud.

Disruption or Emancipation?

By Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D.

The distinguished pastor of the Madison Avenue Church in New York City gives an illuminating definition of the controversy which agitated the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church

THE case before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was that of a candidate for the ministry, a graduate of Princeton University, who had studied theology in Edinburgh and at Union Theological Seminary, who had been licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of New York, although in his examination he had stated that he was not sufficiently convinced by the historical evidence for the narratives of the Virgin Birth of Jesus to be able positively to affirm his belief that it had happened as recorded. In all other respects his examination was unusually satisfactory to the entire Presbytery, but a small minority complained that because of this uncertainty he should not have been licensed. The complaint was heard by the Synod of New York last October, and the action of the majority of the Presbytery was sustained. The complainants thereupon appealed to the General Assembly, and the case was sent to the Permanent Judicial Commission—a court composed of eight ministers and seven lawyers.

This court decided that, since the Virgin Birth is clearly taught both in the Scriptures and in the Confession of Faith of the Church, and since several Assemblies have issued deliverances naming it as an "essential" doctrine, the Presbytery had "erred" in licensing this young man. When the Judicial Commission makes its report to the Assembly, the latter body must either affirm or review the verdict. The question must be put without debate, and the parties at issue (in this case the entire Synod of New York, where a very large part of the liberal votes are to be found) cannot vote. When this question was put to the Assembly, the conservatives voted aye, a few liberals voted no, and many more simply refrained from voting. No decision of the Permanent Judicial Commission has yet been "reviewed," as that involves the entire case being reopened before the whole Assembly, and its one thousand commissioners must be prepared to sit for at least an additional day, and quite likely for the best part of a week. This Assembly had been liberal in tone, and it is possible that, could the verdict have been debated and its consequences clearly stated, it would not have been affirmed.

There have always been two schools of thought in the Presbyterian Church, one which construed the doctrinal standards strictly, and one which took them merely "for substance of doctrine," not insisting upon details. Once in the eighteenth century and twice in the nineteenth the Church has divided over this issue, and in each case a reunion has been effected which allowed both parties to remain in the Church. The Presbytery of New York was represented in this Assembly by sixteen commissioners, all of whom as soon as the Assembly's action was taken signed a statement which held that the decision was a violation of the Constitution of the Church, reaffirmed in the reunions of 1870 and 1906, which forbids any addition to the ordination vows without first submitting the change by constitutional requirement to the vote of all the presbyteries.

Undoubtedly, the law of the Church is not wholly plain. On the one hand, it seems to give to each presbytery the final decision as to the admission of men to the ministry; on the other hand, it gives the Assembly the right of "review and control." The liberals hold that this latter means only that the Assembly shall se eto it that the presbyteries fulfill the legal requirements for ordination and admit no men without their acceptance of the vows prescribed. The Fundamentalists claim that the Assembly can review the actions of the presbytery and go into the evidence of the proceedings to see whether the candidates were or were not "sound."

Again, there is a difference of opinion over the legal force of "deliverances" of the Assembly. The liberals, and many conservative men, notably the late Professor Charles Hodge, of Princeton, hold that these deliverances are merely expressions of opinion of the particular Assembly which makes them, and have no force as part of the law of the Church. Their opponents hold that such doctrinal deliverances are binding interpretations of the Constitution, and must be so received.

This decision on both points rules against the liberals. By its logic Mr. Bryan might challenge any candidate for the ministry who did not believe that the world was created in six days. This is explicitly stated in both the Scriptures and the Confession, and it would not be difficult to find some deliverance of an Assembly in which it was mentioned. The presbytery which licensed a man unable to make his positive affirmation would then be adjudged in error.

The particular deliverance of the Assembly of 1910 to which the decision of the Judicial Commission calls attention mentions five "essentials," two of which are that the authors of the Bible were so inspired that their writings are "without error," and that Jesus Christ rose and ascended and now sits at God's right hand in heaven "in the same body" in which he walked about Galilee and was nailed to the cross.

Obviously, if this decision be regarded as a correct interpretation of the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church, its ministry is impossible for any man of modern education. The Church is worse than Romanized, for the Pope rarely, and only amid safeguarding conditions, pronounces infallibly on matters of doc-

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trine, while the General Assembly meets annually and its casual majority is likely to deliver itself quite freely upon any doctrinal discussion which may be to the fore.

The decision of this Assembly technically does not alter the Constitution of the Church, and it is open for the liberal group to go on their way and to hope that the next Assembly will reverse this decision. But actually such decisions constitute precedents, and the Fundamentalist party will undoubtedly declare that any presbytery which is guilty of a similar "error" defies the Assembly and should be dissolved.

Hence the Church stands in imminent peril of a division. The Assembly saw the danger, and empowered the Moderator, Dr. Charles R. Erdman, of Princeton, to appoint a Committee of Fifteen to study the situation and report to the next Assembly measures to maintain the purity and peace and progress of the Church. It was apparent that the vast majority of the Church does not wish division. Such separations in the past have been fraught with damage to the missionary work of the Church and have always had to be repaired with costly effort. In face of present world needs another such crippling division would seem intolerable to all reasonable men. But the Fundamentalist group have so inflamed their adherents by exaggerated and often untrue statements of the beliefs of "Modernist" ministers that many of them believe that these liberals are not Christian believers. They conscientiously think that God will not bless his Church while these pagans remain in its pulpits. Whether they can be induced to accept a rectification of this decision by a constitutional amendment which will guarantee to each presbytery its final jurisdiction over licensure and ordination, and which will limit the power of the Assembly in the matter of doctrinal pronouncements, remains to be seen. It is clear that the liberals cannot recede from their position, for they would be barring entrance into the ministry to all young men trained in modern colleges, and would be rendering their own positions in Presbyterian pulpits dishonest. The Church is faced with disruption or emancipation.

A Pilgrimage to the Berry Schools

By Hermann Hagedorn

Twenty-three years ago Miss Martha Berry founded the first of the three Berry Schools for the children of the Blue Ridge Mountains in northwestern Georgia. The schools, situated near Rome, have been phenomenally successful. Of recent years Mrs. John Henry Hammond has been taking a party of pilgrims to the schools each year. The account of this year's pilgrimage is timely, because the Roosevelt Memorial Association has just recognized the National significance of Miss Berry's work by awarding her the Association's gold Medal of Honor for Distinguished Service.—The Editors.

The human creature being what he (or she) is, long files of girls and boys in blue winding off through April woods—beautiful, innocent eyes, seraphic singing—will in the memories of the Berry Pilgrims of 1925 always be mingled in some confusion with baking-powder biscuits and Georgia fried chicken and angel-cake such as never was on land or sea.

"Don't tell them up North what we had to eat," counsels the Eminent Lady Journalist who knows the world. "They'll never send down a nickel if you do!"

But you might as well omit the harps from a song of heaven as the biscuits from a story of Berry.

Late dusk, with night closing in, the flivver takes a left-hand turn between two stone posts, covered with vines; the lights illuminate a sign: "The Gate of Opportunity." We are at Berry.

A long, straight avenue. Ahead, the sound of music. To right and left now, drawn up as a guard of honor, boys in blue denim overalls who cheer as you are whirled by. A brass band (in overalls) is playing a march. You feel like a conquering hero, or a Congressman returning to his constituents after getting them a Government appropriation.

The sound of the music grows faint; now on this side, now on the other, great halls emerge for a moment from the darkness. Now you are among lofty trees, now again in the open, between fields stretching dimly away into the night. Music—another band. The flivver stops where other Pilgrims are descending from other flivvers. You pass—this time on foot—between two files of girls who sing like the morning stars on an especially inspiring morning. You do not wonder this time whether you are a Congressman; rather you look about for St. Peter.

Martha Berry

Supper (no more about ambrosia!)—and a girl at a spinning-wheel spinning Angora wool as she sings of Barbara Allen and numerous other seventeenth-century damsels who still appear to lament their fickle swains in the Georgia mountains. Fair Inez, who has been to New York, that wicked city, tells of the difficulties of getting about a drawing-room where there are rugs so beautiful that of course they should not be stepped on. Miss Berry, lovely lady, prompts her with a gay laugh. A quartette of girls sings—such clear, true voices, such clear, true eyes!

Bed, and the fragrance of a midsummer night coming in through the open windows.

Breakfast! If one had the tongues of men and of angels—no, no more of that. Perhaps a part of its superlative quality is the friendliness and the grace of those who serve it. They seem more interested in your breakfast than even you do yourself.

There are services at nine in the girls' chapel—singing, a few verses of Scripture, more singing, a prayer, and the processional, mingling at last with the

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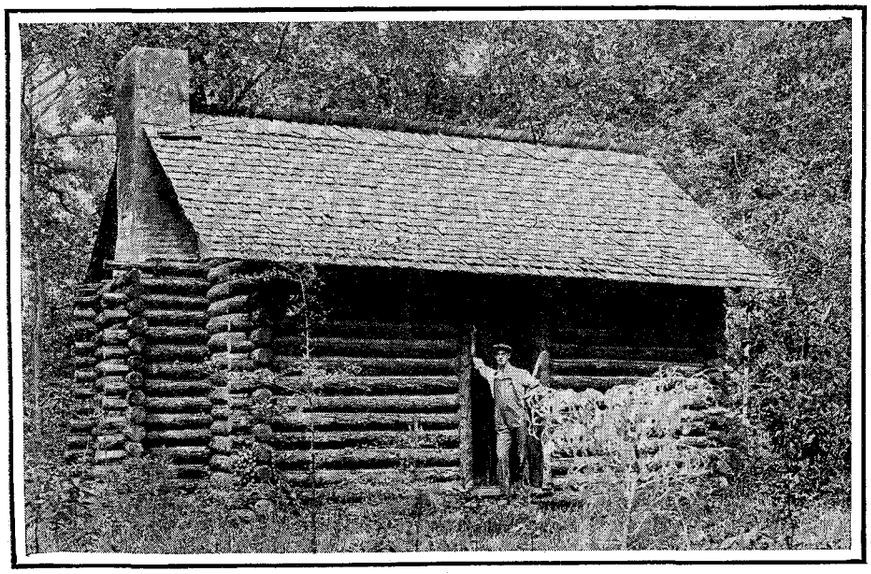


The birthplace of the Berry Schools

music of the April morning and dying away amid bird notes. There are brimming eyes among the Pilgrims. They are not accustomed to such pure, such single-minded worship. What beautiful and peaceful island is this in a confused and turbulent world?

After God—labor. We visit the milk-room, where the butter is being churned; the laundry, where girls in blue are bending over the tubs and the irons; the sewing-house; the house of the looms. We intrude on a geography lesson, and are glad that the pupils do not turn and ask their inquisitive guests to bound the State of Georgia or to name the seven main sections of the United States. Everywhere the same clear cheeks, the same quiet eyes. And everywhere the mark of Martha Berry—in a wood here, a touch of beauty there, the soul of everything.

At eleven-thirty there is a meeting in the Mount Berry Chapel. The chapel itself is a jewel of beauty, a copy of Sir Christopher Wren's dream made into brick at Alexandria, in Virginia. In double file, becoming single file as they draw near, come two long lines of blue—the girls, in blue gingham and pink sunbonnets, from the north; the boys, in blue overalls, from the south. They wind in and out among the trees to the music of a band. The two lines meet on the chapel steps; the girls throw back their sunbonnets as they enter. Erect, clear-eyed, mountain-bred Americans all!

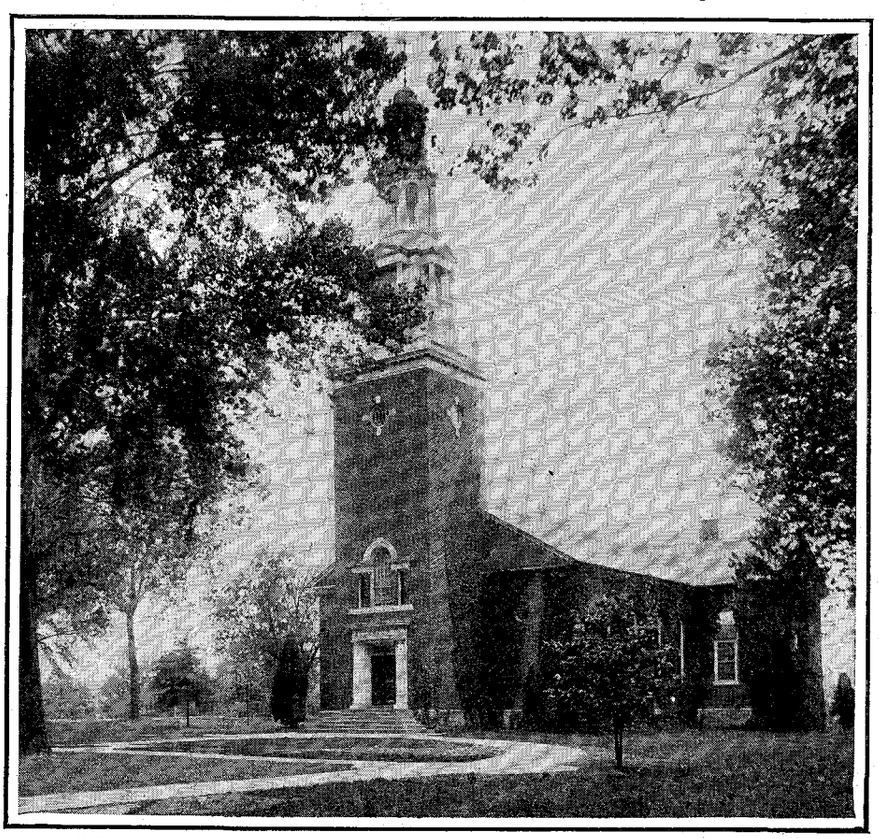
There is the briefest of Scripture readings, the briefest of prayers by one of the boys—simple, devout words of worship and gratitude; then speeches by Miss Berry, by Mrs. Hammond, and a half-dozen other Pilgrims; the presentation of two silver rolls of dollar bills; the reading of a telegram announcing the gift of a hundred-thousand-dollar library, long dreamed of and yearned for; and such singing by four hundred voices as no pen can make record of—the singing of unself-conscious, uncontaminated youth, singing because song is its natural expression. The old familiar words of devotion ring unexpectedly, bewilderingly true. Things you thought dead rise up and walk.

The girls and boys file out of the chapel, and again there is a picture of thin blue lines moving slowly north and south amid the young green.

Luncheon. And then, at three-thirty, a procession of flivvers to the Foundational School at Lavender Mountain, five miles west.

Mile after mile down the Road of Remembrance, which is Berry's memorial to her dead in the World War, and we are still on the school grounds. There are swimmers in Mirror Lake, stirring one or two particularly youthful Pilgrims to envy. The Foundational School, built of stone (as foundational things should be!) overlooks the level land of field and wood stretching toward the steeple of Wren's chapel. From the school a highway built by the boys winds about the mountain to the spacious and beautiful house on its summit given to Martha Berry by her girls and boys in order that she who has given everything she has to the cause shall have at least this refuge for her own. It is called the House o' Dreams. The term has been used before, but clearly here it is no misnomer. From the garden, girt by its rubble walls, the dreamer may discern five States, and other matters, not to be bounded, without number round about and beyond the horizon. Slowly, the glowing ball sinks in mist behind the screen of slender trunks and the delicate lacework of young leaves. Earth and sky together could scarcely make a more alluring snare for dreams.

There is supper at the Foundational School, and a roaring blaze on the



"The chapel itself is a jewel of beauty, a copy of Sir Christopher Wren's dream made into brick at Alexandria, in Virginia"

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hearth, and biscuits, biscuits! and Georgia honey! and singing! The dreams run ahead on the road home through the night.

In the auditorium of the Recitation Hall in the boys' school two hundred and fifty boys, still in blue overalls, rise to their feet as a hundred and fifty girls in blue skirts and white middies file in. There are charming recitations of delightful poems by the First Lady of the Pilgrimage and exquisite harmonies from the three-hundred-year-old 'cello of Roszie Varády. The company adjourns to the Cabin, where Theodore Roosevelt and other distinguished visitors have left happy memories. The boys and girls sing once more. Surely never did "Ole Virginny" and "My Old Kentucky Home" ring more thrillingly through the Southern night! A member of the Faculty, squatting on the floor, tells an Uncle Remus yarn—"an' Bre'r Rabbit he went lippity-lippity, swishy-swashy"—and once more the youthful voices sing.

The night is very warm and still. Among the trees there is no wind, and no sound except the swelling tones of four hundred voices singing "God be with you till we meet again."

There is deep silence when the song is done. Almost imperceptibly the girls and boys withdraw into the darkness.

Students of the Berry Schools receiving their diplomas from Miss Berry

Four boys with cornets play a dozen bars, and, fifty yards farther away, play again. Then the silence is absolute.

"New York," whispers the Lady Journalist to the Pilgrim Father, "New York will seem awfully cheap and tawdry after this."

THE rest is sleep in the fragrant Southern summer night and awakening to bird-song reinforced by a roaster, and waffles and honey, and the eleventh-hour adoption of a kitten, and a scramble into the flivvers, and fifteen Pilgrims weighted down with baskets of flowers and Berry candies and beaten biscuits. And then farewells, and the queer consciousness that you are leaving heaven.

And as the train moves out you know better than you did why devout souls long ago invented pilgrimages.

The Case for the Russian Monarchists

By Professor CHARLES SAROLEA

In last week's issue Professor Sarolea discussed the calamity of Bolshevism and reported the hope of the Russian exiles for a just and stable government. This week he describes the personality and achievements of the Grand Duke Nicholas and the views which he represents

I

I HAD the honor of having a long conversation with his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Nicholas. It was the first interview which he had granted to a European publicist. His Imperial Highness declared to me: "If you had asked for an interview only three months ago, I would probably not have been able to receive you. The end was not in sight then; it is in sight now. The day of momentous decisions had not come then; it has come now."

I had long been looking forward to meeting some day one of the most interesting and most picturesque characters in world politics. I was, of course, familiar, as every reader of picture papers will be, with the striking outward appearance of the Russian giant who for twelve months was the supreme commander of ten million Russian soldiers and whose reappointment as Generalissimo was the very last decision of the late Czar before his abdication. But the personality of the man remained a complete mystery to me. Indeed, a few moments of conversation sufficed to convince me that this personality has been entirely distorted both by his enemies and by his friends.

I had expected to meet a broken-down old man, and instead I found a vigorous, erect man who still seemed to be in the prime of life and who certainly looked ten years younger than his age.

I had expected to find a disillusioned, war-weary soldier who, like so many refugees, had said good-by forever to politics and who was disinclined to assume any risks or responsibilities. Instead, I found a man keenly interested in every political question, full of hope and energy, and eager to stake everything for the salvation of his country.

I had expected to find a hard and morose soldier, a kind of Russian Lord Kitchener. Instead, I found a genial conversationalist with a frank and open countenance, with a twinkle in his eye, and brimful of humor.

I had expected to find a die-hard reactionary of the old school. Instead, I found a man with moderate views, whose liberal political opinions might be indorsed by every English radical, who was full of sympathy for England and America, even although he is not able to speak the English language. "I have been a hard-worked soldier all my life," he said, regretfully, "and I have not had

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any opportunities to devote myself to linguistic studies."

II

In the course of my interview with his Imperial Highness, which took place in the presence of his aide-de-camp and lasted over two hours, we discussed in detail every aspect of the Russian problem. His Imperial Highness stated his views without any reticence or reservation on every controversial issue. Remembering the difficult and delicate position in which the Grand Duke Nicholas finds himself, I would consider it indiscreet and impertinent on my part to reveal what was said in the course of a private conversation. But I am committing no breach of confidence and I am only confirming the declarations which the Grand Duke made last summer to a representative of the American Telegraphy Agency when I seize this opportunity of removing one or two misapprehensions which are still generally entertained, even by well-informed Russians.

His Imperial Highness refused to be called a "pretender," a claimant to the throne of his ancestors. Strictly speaking, under the circumstances, there can be no question of any pretender or claimant. Any claim which any member of the Romanoff dynasty might urge must be ultimately settled and confirmed by the voice of the Russian people. The future Czar of the Russians must be elected by popular acclamation, even as the first Romanoff under very similar conjunctures was elected by the Russian people after the *smutnoe vremia,* or "troubled times," three hundred years ago.

Nor is it true that his Imperial Highness would consent to be described as the leader of the Monarchist Party. The Grand Duke Nicholas is not a partisan; he claims that he stands above all parties. The tyrants who for seven years have held the Russian people under the yoke can only be removed if all the Russian parties present a united front against the common enemy of the Russian people and of the human race.

III

With regard to the future policy of Russia, his Imperial Highness is convinced that no ruler of Russia can ignore the catastrophic events and changes which have taken place since 1917. The future policy of the restored monarchy can only be a policy of peace and forgiveness, of conciliation and reconstruction. The Russian civil war in some important respects is not unlike the American Civil War, and the magnanimous spirit of the Grand Duke is not unlike the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. In his opinion, no Russian ruler can dream of any other policy except one which will heal the wounds of the last seven years. Merely to return to the old conditions, as if no World War and no Revolution had happened, is inconceivable to any sane statesmanship. The peasants shall not be disturbed in the possession of their land. Indeed, the whole agrarian policy of the late Czar and of his ablest statesman, Stolypine, had aimed at making the peasants into landowners. Nor shall the various nationalities be disturbed in the possession of their political liberties. What form the autonomy of those nationalities will take is a matter which will have to be decided by the Russian people themselves. They must certainly be given every chance to develop their national aspirations within a Russian federal commonwealth.

Nor will the restoration of the monarchy mean a return to absolutism. Rather will it mean the reign of law. The Grand Duke Nicholas himself suffered too much from Court intrigues ever to be inclined to countenance arbitrary rule. As for the Russian people, they have suffered too much from the lawlessness of the Bolshevists not to insist on constitutional guaranties. Even though the future Russian monarchy will not be a parliamentary government on British lines, it will be a constitutional monarchy with a strong executive on American lines.

IV

Whatever we may think of the political programme which has been expounded without any reticence by the Grand Duke Nicholas in his recent declarations, there can be no doubt that around his person are centered today all the hopes of the Russians. Ex-President Millerand, with whom I had also the honor of a conversation a few days after my meeting with the Grand Duke, after discussing with me the Russian situation, made the disillusioned remark that he did not know what to think about Russia, because all the Russians whom he had met seemed to be so hopelessly divided. In answer to that remark I can only say that my experience has been quite the reverse. And my experience has been considerably wider than that of M. Millerand. So far from discovering general disagreement, I actually found far more agreement on fundamental questions among Russians than among Frenchmen. And on no single point are the Russians more united than on the personality of the Grand Duke Nicholas. One might have expected that the recent indiscreet and untimely manifesto of the Grand Duke Cyril, proclaiming himself Czar of All the Russias, would have divided the monarchist forces among the three million Russian refugees. I found, however, that the vast majority among the refugees, notwithstanding the manifesto, refuse to rally round a prince who in the hour of peril accepted the Bolshevist rule and hoisted the Red flag. They prefer to pin their faith on the ex-Commander. Ninety-five per cent of the officers and soldiers—and there are hundreds of thousands of them scattered all over the Continent—recognize him as their trusted leader and declare their readiness to obey his orders. His prestige has survived all the vicissitudes of ten terrible years. Even confirmed republicans pay homage to his tact, his dignity and self-restraint, to his patriotism and disinterestedness.

It is true that he does not come next in the line of succession. But the line of succession has often been deflected or broken in the history of the Russian monarchy. It has been broken once more by a catastrophe which is without a parallel in human history. And even if there existed an unbroken line and an immutable law, this is not a time for formal technicalities. *Salus populi suprema lex.* To save the Russian people from their oppressors is the one consideration, and the Russian people can only rally round the one brave, wise, and chivalrous leader who declares himself ready to step into the breach, whose past is without reproach, and whose shoulders are strong enough to assume the heavy burden of empire. When we consider the magnitude of the issue at stake, it must be self-evident to all that the question of the future form of government and of the selection of the man who shall take the reins of power cannot be a question of abstract principle, that it is a question of fundamental realities and pressing necessities.

V

And those realities only point to two alternatives: Either the Russian people, once the Soviet dictators are overthrown, will continue to fight among themselves and will still have to go through many more years of anarchy. This is a terrible but a quite possible contingency. It has often happened in history that nations have had to go through a long interregnum of lawlessness, like France during the Hundred Years' War, or like nineteenth-century Spain, or like present-day China or Mexico.

The other alternative is that they will have to establish a strong government—that is to say, a government which will be strong enough and bold enough to

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control the centrifugal forces, a government which will be united enough and stable enough to carry out a far-reaching constructive policy. And the establishment of such a government obviously precludes any dream of any parliamentary party government. The Russian people have sufficiently shown that they are not ripe for such a government. It equally excludes the nightmare of generals, representing rival factions. We are therefore always driven back to one and the same conclusion: the instauration of a strong and stable government simply implies the restoration of the monarchy.

Many readers may not like the idea of a return of Czarism, even though it be the return of constitutional Czarism. Let them remember that there is no such thing as an ideal form of government which is absolutely the best under any conditions and at any time. That commonplace was proclaimed as far back as the political writers of the eighteenth century, as far back as Montesquieu. It is explicitly admitted even by Jean Jacques Rousseau in "The Social Contract." The form of government which is suitable for one nation may be most unsuitable for another nation. A parliamentary party government may be the best possible form of government for the British people. But it has not been considered the best for the American people, who have rejected the parliamentary system and prefer the presidential system. If the American people had introduced the British parliamentary system, it is probable that the American Union would long ago have been dissolved.

Dismissing the abstractions of the dogmatist and the doctrinaire, we ought further to remember that we are faced, so far as the immediate future of Russia is concerned, with a universal law of history. Wherever a state has been shaken to its foundations, wherever a nation contains within itself disruptive forces which threaten continued anarchy, the people, prompted by the instinct of conservation, have resorted in all times and in all countries to some form o monarchical government. Thus it was two thousand years ago after the last revolutions of the Roman Republic. Thus it was in England after the Civil War. Thus it was in France after the religious wars of the Reformation and after the terrorism of the Revolution, after 1794, and after 1848. There is no exception to this law in all human history. It would therefore be passing strange—indeed, it would be almost inconceivable—if this universal law were to be violated to-morrow in the case of the Russian people, who have never known anything but monarchic institutions, who possess none of the conditions which make parliamentary party government possible, and who, more than any people ever known to history, will require a firm hand and an inflexible determination if they are eventually to evolve order out of chaos.

Acting at Discretion

By SIDNEY BALLOU

Wherein a dead man tells a good tale

THE sun was rising over Pearl Harbor as a solitary figure might have been observed threading his way through the cane fields of Ewa Plantation. Fortunately, he wasn't. The observers were back at the beach watching constructive Marines trying to land boats through very real surf. I had taken particular care to fade out of the main picture as quietly as possible. I was an enemy on Oahu, under orders which permitted me, after completion of the main job of marking the best practicable landing, to "act at discretion."

The sun was rising. I began to be acutely aware of the fact. A tropical cane field is a warm place even in early morning. I had no complaint to make of my costume, which consisted of a bathing-suit, a pair of once white duck trousers, a white cap, tennis sneakers, and no socks. In fact, I felt suitably dressed. My main grievance was that I was lugging two heavy suitcases filled with constructive T.N.T. bombs made in very realistic fashion by an imaginative gunner's mate. I also had a complete naval uniform into which I meant to transfer at an opportune time. Paradoxical as it may seem, the simple addition of a white band would then have transformed me from a Blue invader to a Black defender.

I was trying to get to Brown's Camp, where I hoped to stop an automobile sent past that point in response to the cryptic message that I had smuggled ashore. Unfortunately, the beach between my landing point and the camp was lined with the hostile army posts that had given our landing party an unexpectedly warm welcome. My detour was even more painful than most detours—roads that persistently curved inland, necessitating cross-country cuts through gullies and over stone walls. The suitcases grew heavier and heavier.

Presently I found myself on the main track of the Oahu Railway. This was an important artery of communication, so I began action. One bomb should have sufficed, but my muscles were aching, so I expended two. I left them conspicuously on the rails and nailed on the nearest telegraph pole one of my neatly stenciled signs: "This Road Dynamited, April 27, 1925, U. S. S. West Virginia."

I passed on, walking the ties. The sun grew hotter, and even my lightened load got intolerable. I decided to abandon my luggage until I should annex some means of transportation. I hid the suitcases in a plantation laborers' camp, where I vainly tried to extract some information from some uncommunicative Filipino women. These were the first inhabitants I had seen.

I was soon to see more. Rounding a curve, I stumbled full on Brown's Camp, alive with soldiers. My quiet little rendezvous was one of the main communication centers of the Black forces of Ewa sub-sector.

A sentry hailed me promptly and wanted to know who I was. I replied that I had been camping down near Barber's Point and was walking about, watching proceedings. I was informed that it was a pretty poor time to be walking around, with a war game on, which I admitted, and apologized. The soldier looked me over carefully and let me by. I took a road that led past the camp at a short distance.

Over my shoulder I heard a sergeant demand:

"Who was that?"

"That's a fellow who has a camp down by Barber's Point."

"Say! There's no camp down there. Bring him back."

They brought me back. That sergeant was hard-boiled. I put the camp

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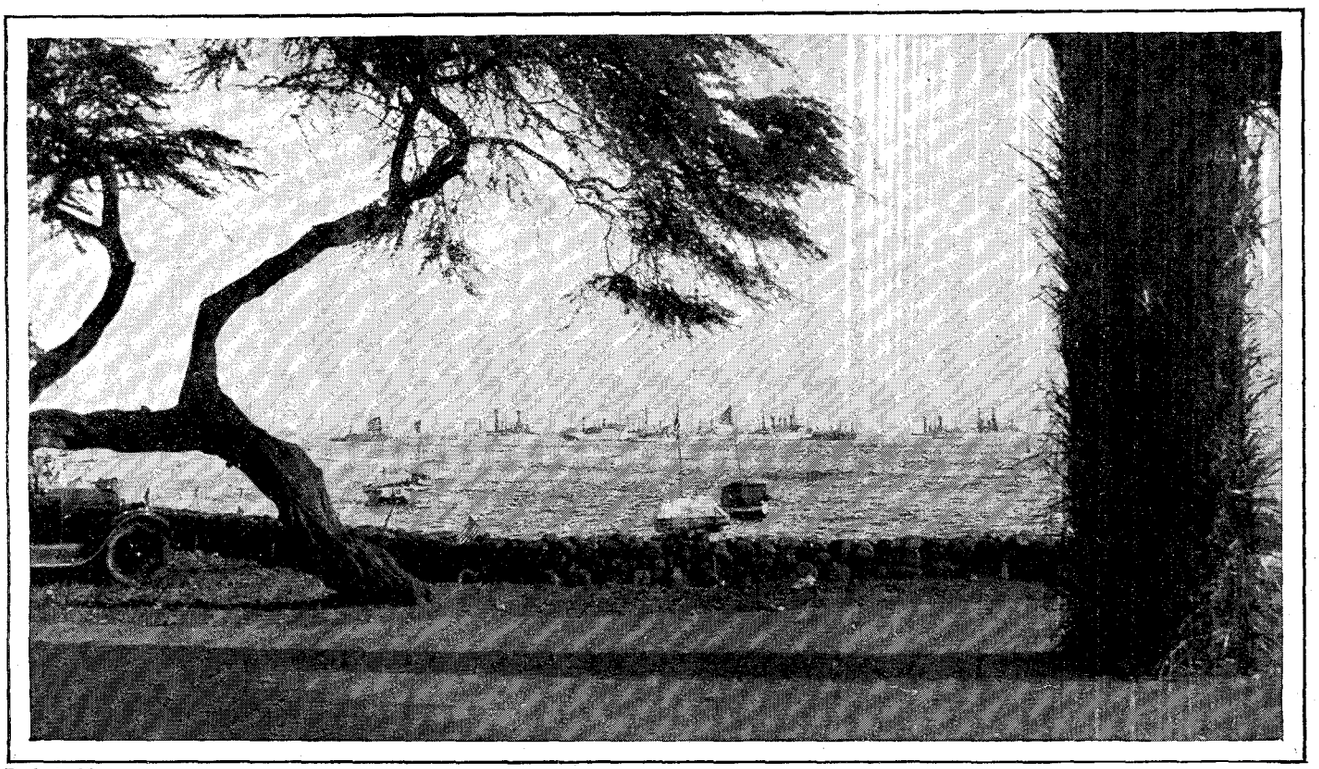

P. & A. Photos

The United States fleet in a South Sea setting

a little farther away, but otherwise stuck to my story. He was unconvinced. By way of justification he gave me the news that they had already picked up four intelligence men from the Blue fleet, men who had rowed themselves ashore on collapsible rafts from the Scouting Fleet. He ended with a firm and urgent invitation for me to wait in the camp until the company commander, who was down on the beach, could come and question me.

They kept me there an hour. Messages were coming in over the field telephones. I gathered that our feint landing at Barber's Point had stumbled on the principal defense of the island, and that the enemy was just realizing that the landing at Waialua was the main attack. Meanwhile I polished up my alibi.

A big army truck tried to cross the track of the Oahu Railway, and sunk both rear wheels between the rails. The whole company tried to get it out. A freight train came down from Waialua, was flagged, and stopped at the obstruction.

Finally, the company commander came up from the beach. He was a first lieutenant, but I religiously called him captain to show my ignorance of things military. I took the initiative, and began with a protest against my unjustifiable detention.

He put me through a long quiz. He wanted to know who I was and where I came from. He asked me who I knew in Honolulu, and there I qualified with a high mark. I rattled off many prominent names, and ended with an effective counter:

"Ring up Mr. George Renton, manager of this plantation. He will identify me in a minute."

As I had gathered, their temporary military lines were not in direct communication with the commercial system, so the lieutenant tried a new tack. He demanded to see what I had in my pockets. I qualified again. My worldly possessions were a pocket compass, a knife, some bills pinned in my pocket with a large safety-pin, and a handkerchief. As for my business, I had telephoned my wife to bring to Nanakuli some articles I needed for my camp, and was walking up to meet her.

He looked suspiciously at my navy-blue underpinning and demanded to know if it was a bathing-suit. It was. Moreover, with a flash of inspiration, I remembered that I had bought it on my last visit to the islands, five years before. It bore the name of a well-known Honolulu haberdasher.

That was decisive. The lieutenant told me to go along. He turned his attention to the stalled truck, and I made an unostentatious exit.

By this time it was evident that my plan for meeting an automobile had miscarried. If the car had come, I was now too late to stop it. The farther I went toward Nanakuli now, the more I was out of the scene of action.

The blocked freight train, headed for Ewa and Honolulu, seemed providential. I walked to the end of the train, gave a glance back to where the impatient conductor was urging the soldiers to clear his track, and sidled into the empty caboose.

I was there over half an hour. I did not know whether the Army would search the train nor when the conductor would return. I made myself as inconspicuous as possible on the floor under a seat. After an age of waiting the locomotive gave a few toots, the train gathered way, and I slid jerkily past my late friends, headed toward town.

I was tempted, if my luck held, to go to Honolulu. However, I was not dressed for a civilized part, I was getting too far from my baggage, and I reflected that investigation at the railway station might deliver me into the hands of some warm personal friends, now Black Army Reserve officers, who would show me no mercy. I decided to take a chance with George Renton, whose name I had used at the camp.

I judged that Ewa station would be guarded, so I dropped off the train about half a mile from the station. Here I found myself walking along a road on which were lying nearly a dozen field telephone wires. I found a piece of pasteboard, cut the word "CUT" in it with my knife, gathered the wires and hung them prominently in the crotch of an algeroba tree, pinning the card to the wires with my last safety-pin.

A hundred yards farther a couple of

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twelve-inch railway mortars stood unguarded on a siding. I was about out of demolition material, but I made another card with the words "BLOWN UP," and left it weighted with my pocket compass, which I hoped might pass for a stick of dynamite.

A plantation foreman passed on horseback. To him I gave my right name, with a request that Mr. Renton send a car for me. I saw signs of a good-sized camp in the distance, which I did not want to pass on foot. The foreman did not find Mr. Renton, but came back himself with a car. We drove past what was evidently a general's headquarters and went to the plantation manager's house.

It was nearly noon. I had had very little rest since midnight. There was nobody at home, so I waited in a chair that felt very comfortable.

In about half an hour Mr. Renton came. He had been watching proceedings at the beach. After a half-hearted bluff that he was going to turn me over as a spy, he bade me wash up and eat.

"Before I even wash," I replied, "I want you to go over to that camp and ask for an umpire. Tell them that there is a man here who wants to take an umpire down the line to show him what he has been doing to the Army's communications."

Renton was game. Lunch was postponed until he delivered the message. In about fifteen minutes he came back and said.

"The umpires say that the war ended at 12 o'clock, so they are not interested."

So ended my adventure. We lunched in peace; then, while Renton sent a car to retrieve my abandoned bags, I decided to go over and jolly the Army. I was still asking innocent questions when I bumped into a Reserve engineer colonel whom I knew. When he found that I had been mussing up their lines, he insisted on finding and introducing me to General Moseley.

The General looked at my costume with some curiosity until I explained that I had but recently landed from the fleet. He listened with interest to my story, but demanded particulars as to just what party I had been with, on what beach, and at what time I had landed. Then he said:

"Shucks, we don't care what you have been doing! You have been dead since half-past four this morning."

It was even so. The Army had figured out that our main landing would be at Barber's Point, and after the feint off Diamond Head they were sure of it. Against our forlorn hope they had massed the weight of the defense. When there was added the difficulty we had with the surf, the umpires had no hesitation in ruling that we had been wiped out at the beach.

My satisfaction came in learning that the main landing at Waialua had been successful, and that when the war closed at noon the Blue invaders were driving back the Black defense at the rate of a mile an hour. Our demonstration had, in fact, diverted almost three times the force on which we had figured. We had not died in vain. With still deeper satisfaction, I later learned that at two o'clock that Monday morning one General Moseley was on the telephone informing headquarters that the main attack had developed against his beaches and urgently demanding reinforcements for his subsector.

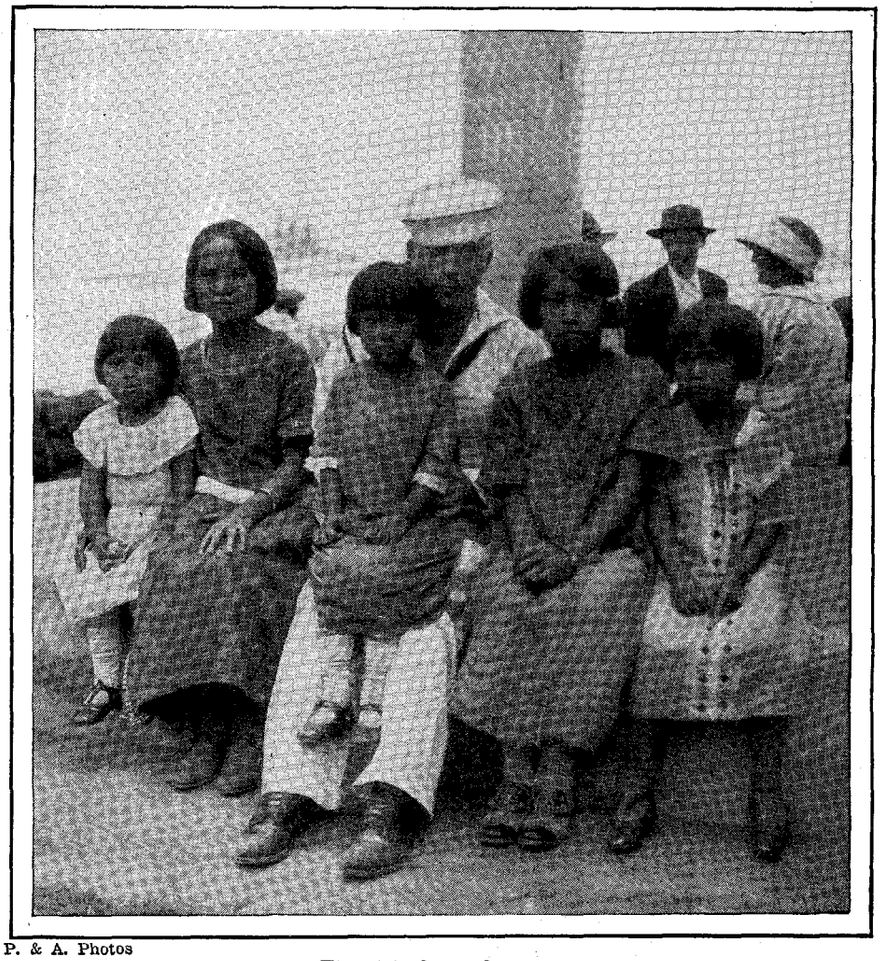
So far as action was concerned, Joint Problem No. 3 was over. It was in reality but half done. Next in importance to the planning and the execution come the discussion and the conclusions. The oral critique alone occupied the morning of five days. Eight hundred officers heard the problem and its solution discussed from every angle by participants and umpires. Detailed reports are still to be furnished and criticised. If any officer's conception and execution of his job did not measure up to the highest military standards, both he and his service are likely to hear of it.

The public clamored for more detailed decisions. Some newspaper correspondents made their own, always in accordance with the policy of their paper. This was particularly true as regards the airplane-battleship controversy.

The truth is that the game is carried only so far as it is actually instructive. There comes a point where realities cannot be overcome, and from that point "decisions" are of little value. Airplanes may dare theoretical gun-fire to drop theoretical bombs all day without changing the opinion of either party engaged.

The main decision was that Blue, with severe loss to its constructive forces, had actually established itself on Oahu. To have advanced against the strong interior defenses except after considerable preparation and by deployment through fields of growing cane would have simulated no military operation.

The public decision of the umpires called attention to certain weaknesses in the equipment for the defense of Hawaii, which Congress will be asked to remedy. For the rest, the Army and the Navy have learned much, not the least being the necessity of whole-hearted co-operation with each other.



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The end of a perfect war

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

The Mysteries of Success

PUBLISHERS, so they say, would give large sums of money for an infallible system to discover the cause of the enormous popularity of some books, the modest success of others, and the flat failure of still others. Why did "Main Street," whose sales were estimated in advance at possibly 20,000 copies, sell more than ten times that number? Two or three reasons are given, to be added to the undoubted cleverness with which the book was written. One was that it suited the mood of America, which was one of self-criticism. People were rebelling at life in small towns, and glad to read about a town entirely populated by disagreeable persons. Two things are fairly certain: the title was easy to recall, and for every person who read the book through, there were three or four others who merely discussed it. In a group of six talking with animation about "Main Street," it would usually be found that two had read it to the end, two had read part of it, and the other two had not read it at all.

Another astounding success in point of sales, "If Winter Comes," was also a book of undisputed merit. But were its qualities so superior to those of two or three other novels of its year as to account for its great vogue? Its central character, a man of whimsical and lovable personality, for a long time suffers most unjustly through his unaccountable inability to defend himself. Can there be in such a character something which strikes all of us as directly descriptive of ourselves? Do we see ourselves as rather noble personages who are usually misunderstood and misrepresented by an unsympathetic world?

The commercial and artistic success of Mr. Michael Arlen is one of the interesting puzzles of 1925. He is, I believe, from an English university, and he certainly writes like a most sophisticated young gentleman from Oxford or Cambridge. His real name, which is Armenian and rather unpronounceable, has wisely been abandoned in favor of this pen-name. He is charming thousands of readers in England, and probably—it is the way things go with many English writers—tens of thousands of readers in America. They have taken the keenest pleasure in the graceful wit and light touch of "These Charming People" and "The London Venture." I have not read the latter, but I am told by enthusiasts that it is Mr. Arlen's best book. When the great chorus of praise went up about "The Green Hat," I found myself in the uncomfortable position of sitting without a song upon my lips. Its artificial style was instantly irritating to me, and I felt that here was another of the large

(C) Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.
Michael Arlen

group of writers who were suffering from too much Henry James. The author seemed to be trying to describe sensations, thoughts, and imaginings which were so vague that he had only the dimmest idea of what he was talking about. Moreover, I had an unpleasant suspicion that what really attracted the large number of readers was the fact that the story was forever skirting on the edge of naughtiness, that it discussed in a very airy way the lives of fashionables, and that it hovered in the atmosphere of smart restaurants and resorts. Pomona, in "Rudder Grange," who loved to sit up half the night to read about the doings of "the aristocracy," is a very real person; there are thousands of Pomonas alive to-day.

Beginning to read Mr. Arlen's new book of short stories, "May Fair,"[1] I had the good fortune to begin with a story in the middle of the book, "The Revolting Doom of a Gentleman Who Would not Dance with his Wife," and instantly began to utter glad cries of joy. When a tale is told with such frolicsome humor and satire, what does it matter whether the characters are inhabitants of May Fair or of Limehouse? What difference does it make if the owl, who takes a leading part, has flown straight out of Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson"? What does it matter if there is more than a suggestion of the precious *poseurs* of the Yellow Book period? The story is a cream puff, and as such it is perfect. If you wish corn beef and cabbage, you have no business to be reading Michael Arlen.

The same commendation I would like to accord to the story called "The Battle of Berkeley Square," which could not be surpassed by any writer of to-day whose name comes to mind. Aside from these, I will admit, in the cause of honesty, that there are two or three stories in the book which I have not read. I hope that they are as good as the two I have named, but I doubt it. There are two or three others, however—notably "The Prince of the Jews," "The Gentleman from America," and "The Ghoul of Golders Green"—which seem to me to be failures, and not very splendid failures at that. In them the author essays to write little tragedies, mysteries, ghost stories, horror stories, or other serious yarns. Sometimes, as in "The Ghoul of Golders Green," they are tragedies up to the end, when they turn into farce. Writers have achieved this with success, but Mr. Arlen does not do it. But he may be forgiven if a number of his arrows stick in the outer rim of the target, or even hit the grass alongside. For two of them, at least, have gone straight into the bull's-eye.

E. L. P.

[1] *May Fair.* By Michael Arlen. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

The New Books

FICTION

MRS. MASON'S DAUGHTERS. By Mathilde Eiker. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Here is a novel with an unmistakable right to be. It was written, not because its author wanted to be a novelist, but because she had a story to tell. It was a story out of her own experience and observation—there can be no doubt of that. A widow and three grown daughters live in an ultra-respectable apartment-house in "New Devon," an Eastern

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JUSTIN HERESFORD, like David Harum, was a real and lovable philosopher. He was a bridgeman of the crossways in the far West at a time when nature encouraged men and women to think for themselves. At home, in the East, he had been called a heretic because he refused to be bound by man-made creeds. As his life developed it gave unto him a strength and joy which was reflected in his family and upon his neighbors, and which in the telling of this interesting story creates an atmosphere seldom found in a work of fiction. The characters are red-blooded and alive. They challenge your intelligence and compel interest. You may not agree with Justin's philosophy, but will respect it; and in controverting it are likely to crystallize many of your half-formed thoughts into truer convictions.

The author of A BRIDGEMAN OF THE CROSSWAYS hides his name under the pseudonym of Justin Heresford, preferring to have his book stand on its merits rather than to give it the publicity his name would attract. MARSHALL JONES COMPANY of Boston publish this book at $2.00, but any bookseller can show it or get it for you.

city not too far from Boston and New York. The youngest daughter, Bernadette, is a beauty, and married. The oldest, Fernanda, is thirty-four, a discontented though efficient school-teacher Pauline is thirty-two, unattractive to men, and already a bitter old maid Pauline and the mother have office positions. They are all wage-earners but Bernadette, whose task is to be useful and happy as the mother of five small children on a small income. Her husband, Walter, is a good fellow but not a "success." We see in this narrative how the war releases Walter and Bette from their bondage to each other; how death releases the mother from her fatuity, how the bitter Pauline finds peace in the Church; and how Fernanda at least escapes from the hated prison of her profession and attains a sort of stoic acceptance of life. Fernanda is the real "heroine;" among all the fantastic or laboriously drab portraits of womanhood with which the current novel so busily feeds us, we gladly accept her as a being of flesh and blood. Whether we disapprove of her is not the question; for all her sins against convention, we do really feel her essential integrity of nature. She is a woman.

POINTS OF HONOR. By Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Like "Through the Wheat," this collection of tales called "Points of Honor" is based on the experience at the front of an American Marine during the last year or so of the war. Mr. Boyd says they are perhaps his last stories of the war, and that he means them to express something that was left out of "Through the Wheat." The hero of the first book was Combat—"the hot contagious breath of war." These tales deal with individual combatants, with the development and interplay of their characters under the stress of war. They are, says Mr Boyd, neither inventions nor transcriptions, "but rather tales of human deeds and emotions which were acted and felt either in the heart of war or beneath its long and lasting shadow." The story-teller conceives it to be his business not to denounce war nor to glorify it, but "to perceive it truthfully and to set down these perceptions."

Mr. Boyd seems steadier of eye and hand than almost any other writer of war fiction. War, he says, is not to be hated. "If we must hate let us hate causes; it is futile to hate effects." As for the warrior and the effect of war upon him, this witness's evidence is various. It shows that a good soldier may develop from personal pride, from fear of being judged a coward, from a dogged sense of duty, from fighting blood, or

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despair, or the heroic spirit. At the bottom of the list is the officer in "Unadorned," who only cares about convincing his men that he is not a coward. At the top is the Marine in "Semper Fidelis," with his sublime courage—a real person this, celebrated many years ago by Stephen Crane for a feat in Cuba which finds its counterpart here.

O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company, New York. $1.25.

Old O'Malley, the fierce solitary old man of Dublin bars and snuggeries, and the young O'Malley that he once was, of the ivied house at Shanganagh with its chestnuts and lawns and pasturelands and hounds and horses; Sister Ursula, the lovely and all-adventuring, who had been Lady Joan, and Lady Joan, restless and tormented, who at the long last fades back into the sad tranquillity of Sister Ursula—it is the story of this unusual and tragic pair which Mr. Donn Byrne has set himself to relate, and which he invests throughout with a passionate and poetic grace. If it has not the captivating exotic quality of "Messer Marco Polo" nor the sheer beauty of "Blind Raftery," it has yet its own sufficient charm, and is worthy of a place beside them on the shelf.

POETRY

JENGHIZ KHAN, AND OTHER VERSES. By Erwin Clarkson Garrett. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $2.

Some of us may remember that during the war with Spain a young college man, fighting in the Philippines, wrote some creditable army verse, one of the best-known poems being "My Bunkie."

Erwin Clarkson Garrett served also in the World War, and at that time wrote "Trench Ballads" and others. His "Jenghiz Khan" gives in sturdy verse an impression of that great scourge of Asia and eastern Europe whom we are more apt to know as Ghenghis Khan. The second part of the volume contains 128 sonnets, mostly in the Shakespearean form, all carefully written and some of them original in thought and excellent in expression.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

BEYOND THE UTMOST PURPLE RIM: ABYSSINIA, SOMALILAND, KENYA COLONY, ZANZIBAR, THE COMOROS, MADAGASCAR. By E. Alexander Powell. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

Colonel Powell covers much territory in his book, but not superficially. It is notable for thoroughness, competence, a pleasant humor, and an astonishing amount of information. He was accompanied by Rexford W. Barton, a young Harvard graduate, who took most of the hundred-odd photographs which pack the book so densely as to leave the reader with the illusion that he has been sitting through a Burton Holmes trav-

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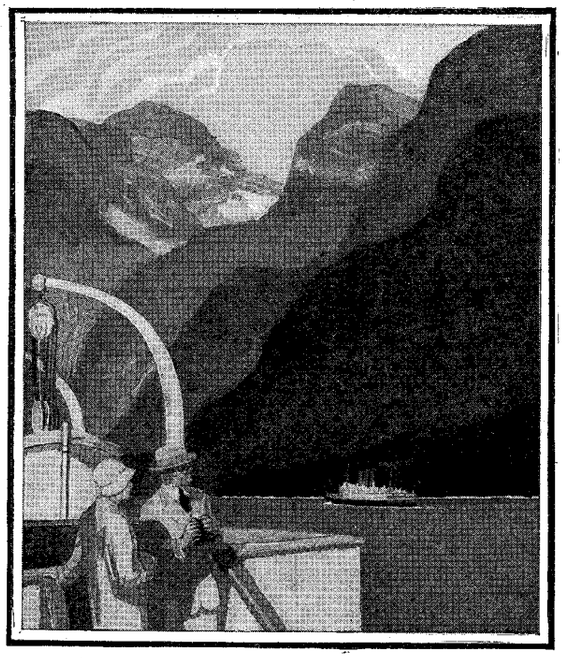

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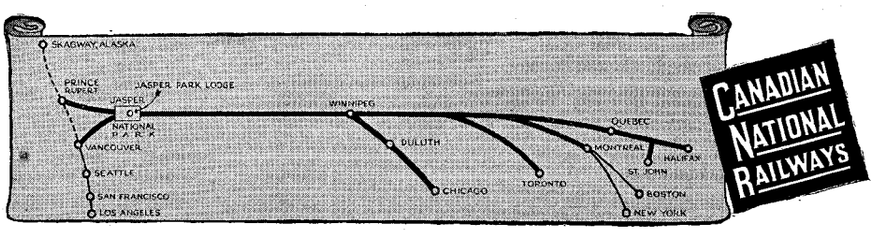

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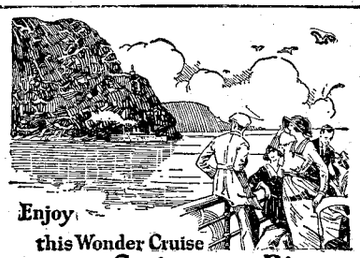

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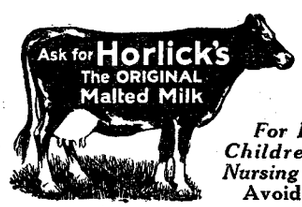

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elogue. The chapters on Abyssinia are especially noteworthy for their range and variety, covering as they do the ethnology, history, architecture, and natural resources of the ancient Ethiopia. As guests of the Prince Regent he and his party had unique opportunities for observation. A country governed by blacks who are yet Caucasians and Christians, a member of the League of Nations which has not yet entirely done away with slavery, a state with no national debt and no educational system, Abyssinia offers as many lures to the thoughtful traveler as its reputation as a "vast zoölogical garden" does to the sportsman.

Notes on New Books

EARLY REMINISCENCES, 1834-1864. By S. Baring-Gould. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

Recollections of the novelist, hymn writer, and parson. A vigorous and admirable man, who relates many anecdotes. He thought the modern world is going to the dogs. And as for America—he wished the Mayflower had sunk with all on board.

NORMANDY. (The Blue Guides.) Edited by Findlay Muirhead and Marcel Monmarché. The Macmillan Company, London. 7s. 6d.

A KING IN THE MAKING. An Authentic Story of Edward, Seventeenth Prince of Wales. By Genevieve Parkhurst. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

All about the present Prince of Wales, with many interesting pictures.

ENGLISH HOUSE GROUNDS. Photographic Views Compiled by Mabel Parsons. Text by Clarence Fowler. Edited by Eugene Clute. Published by Mabel Parsons, New York.

Photographs of the grounds and gardens surrounding English houses of unusual beauty. For the landscape architect.

THE DARK HOURS: FIVE SCENES FROM A HISTORY. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.75.

A play based upon the last hours and the Crucifixion of Jesus. A reverent work of great beauty and dramatic possibilities.

THE MEN WHO MAKE OUR NOVELS. By Charles C. Baldwin. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Revised edition of a book first published in 1919. Chapters, or paragraphs, about dozens and dozens of male American novelists.

WHAT I REMEMBER. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50.

The memoirs of an Englishwoman who was long active in political reforms.

BUDDHIST BIRTH-STORIES. (Jataka Tales.) (Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

SOCIAL ORIGINS AND SOCIAL CONTINUITIES. By Alfred Marston Tozzer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Lowell Lectures by the Professor of Anthropology at Harvard. Steps in the development of man. Concludes with an amusing study of modern superstitions.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS AND PAPERS OF GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 1875-1923. Vol. IV. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.25.

Heavy essays on French writers.

BEFORE THE DAWN. By Toyohiko Kagawa. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

A novel written in Japanese and now translated into English. Many thousand copies of the original have been sold in

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Japan, and it is said to be the first piece of realistic Japanese fiction about Japanese to be put in English.

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS. By Guglielmo Ferrero. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Essays on Livia, Julia, Agrippina, and other Roman women.

FINGERPRINTS. By Hunter Stinson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

A novelist has a new idea! He begins with a mysterious murder.

NATURE SERMONS. By Charles E. Jefferson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

By the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY. By Ellis Parker Butler. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 75c.

Humorous essays on birthdays.

THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF RELIGION. By Albert Churchward. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $15.

A copiously illustrated book on the various early cults and forms of worship. Chapters on magic, totems, sacred symbols, star and sun worship, Buddhism, the Druids, and Islam.

THE NEWER SPIRIT. By V. F. Calverton. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

This is "a sociological criticism of literature," combined with some essays on our much-written-about authors — Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, and others. Mr. Calverton's vocabulary is rich in all the popular words like "impermanency," "quantitative conception," "artistry"—in short, his book sounds awfully wise.

By the Way

An example of the height of courtesy, good advertising, or business acumen is the notice which appeared in the showcase at the entrance of a small clothing shop in Philadelphia:

"If the thief who broke open this show-case and stole an Overcoat finds the Coat too large or too small, return it to us and one of his size will be given him, as we pride ourselves in guaranteeing Perfect Fit and having the wearer of our Clothes satisfied."

Here is a test for your powers of observation. Read the following question and the sentence to which it refers, then try to answer the question promptly.

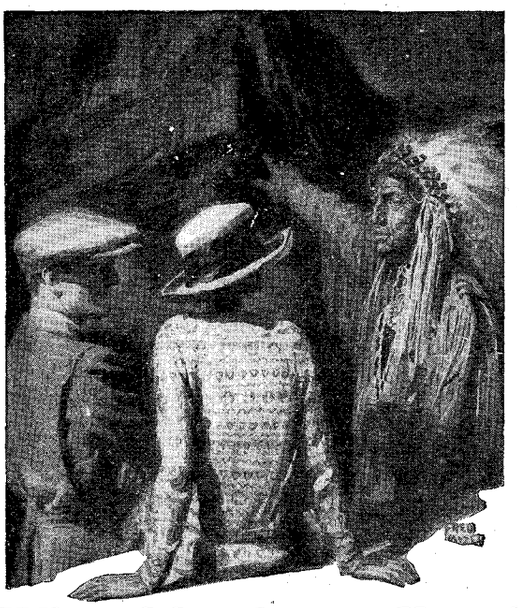
How many f's are in the following sentence:

In every package of flakes
there is the name of W. W. Kellogg?

The correct answer can be found by checking the sentence over carefully. We have tried this question on about twenty people, and the only person to give the right answer was an eight-year-old child.

"No, sah!" said Jo, our dusky man of all trades, when I asked him if he had ever flown. "Terrah firmah fo' me! An' de mo' firmah, de less terrah!" Lieutenant van Zandt uses this anecdote as an introduction to an article on flying in the "National Geographic Magazine."

Answer to last week's puzzle: Tinsel, enlist, listen, silent, linest.



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For free books and information, apply any ticket or tourist agent, any Great Northern Railway office, or A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minnesota.

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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Making the Most of Life Insurance

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

IT is estimated by careful authorities that life insurance policies constitute about four-fifths of all the property left by persons dying in the United States. Of this amount in the year 1923, about nine-tenths was paid out in lump sums, chiefly to widows. Since perhaps the average of the policies thus left was $5,000 or over, one further statistic must be quoted: nine-tenths of all estates of $5,000 and over are entirely consumed in a period of from five to seven years.

Less statistically expressed, the lump-sum method, the common method, of life insurance payment fails in that it does not provide complete and enduring family protection. I will mitigate the effect of this statement somewhat by pointing out that in a great number of instances, even of estates of more

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BROAD FINANCIAL EXPERIENCE is a necessary background for successful investment. Finance is a profession quite as much as law or engineering. You would not think of getting along without a lawyer in a legal transaction, or without an engineer in building a bridge. That would be imprudent.

It is equally unwise to attempt so important a task as finding a profitable place for your money without utilizing the knowledge and advice of a competent bond house. There is safety in its counsel.

Competent Advice

It is a wise investor who keeps in close touch with his investment banker—gives him all needful facts about himself, his circumstances, income and holdings. That enables the banker to be of real service in helping the investor select securities which fit his situation and properly diversify his holdings. Through such counsel you can build up an investment structure of your holdings, so suitable and so diversified that it will stand unimpaired over a long period of time.

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The first step is to pick out a good bond house to deal with—one which is old and well known, whose operations are extensive, whose experience covers a wide field of conservative bond investment, whose record goes back for a long period of years.

In dealing with such a house, the investor not only protects himself, he greatly simplifies his investment problem. He has fewer doubts and perplexities. He can confidently exercise his own financial judgment because it is based upon facts and backed by competent opinion. Instead of a miscellaneous collection of securities, he builds up a solid investment structure for himself and his heirs.

"CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE"—*This booklet clearly presents the factors of experience and equipment by which you may judge the standards and service resources of a bond house. It is well worth the little time required to read it. Ask for booklet* QL-65.

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than $5,000, the lump-sum method is an excellent method because the insurance is not sufficiently large to provide for an income. But when you get up to $30,000 and $50,000 principal value of life insurance you have enough capital to create a decent income. And the statistics show that a large fraction of this is dissipated. It is not conserved.

None realize these facts more keenly than the life insurance companies, many of which are now engaged in a campaign of education, co-operating with the banks and trust companies, to establish a new, simple, inexpensive, and thoroughgoing form of protection by means of what is known as the life insurance trust.

We have referred in previous articles to the life insurance trust. In this article we intend to explain in some detail what it is, why it is, and what you, Mr. Insured Man—and your wife—can plan to do in order to take advantage of it.

For a great many years the insurance companies have offered to their policyholders the option, instead of a lump-sum death payment, of having the company hold the principal, paying out a specified sum monthly for a certain term of years. This step is a distinct advance over the lump-sum method for the reason that, where the insurance is large enough, it assures an income and prevents hasty and careless dissipation. That is the great danger of the lump-sum method, particularly when insurance runs into figures. There should be, of course, some lump-sum payment at death to take care of last debts, funeral and illness costs, taxes, and the like. The great objection to indiscriminate lump-sum insurance is that it does not provide for adequate and expert investment management of the funds. The average man or woman who at a critical moment receives several thousand dollars is not equipped by experience or training to handle the money to the best advantage. If, on the other hand, expert investment management can be employed for a reasonable fee, it is obviously the thing to do to employ it. This is the theory of the insurance trust.

An official of the Equitable Life Assurance Society has summed up the case in these words:

"The widow who has just received the proceeds of her husband's life insurance sorely needs sound advice, and gets it all too rarely. Her investment problem, difficult as it may seem to her, ought to be solved to the best possible advantage by our solicitors. An annuity would be in order if she is practically without dependents and if the amount thus avail-

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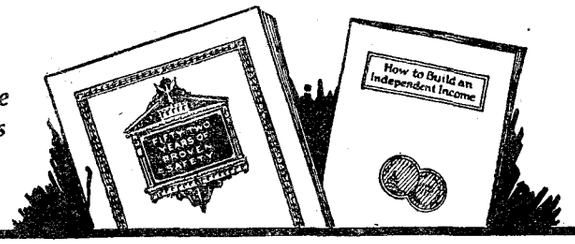

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Current offerings of Smith Bonds give you the opportunity to get 7% on your July funds, with the proven safety evidenced by our record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years.* You may invest in maturities from 2 years to 15 years, and in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000.

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Our booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income," explains this plan in detail. Write for a copy today.

Let us send you descriptions of our current offerings. Examine them at your leisure. Then make your selection as to issue and maturity, and reserve the investment you desire for delivery when your funds will be in hand.

No deposit is required on investments reserved for 30 days; and upon payment of 10% of the purchase price, you will be given 10 months in which to complete the purchase, on any terms that are convenient to you. Every payment earns the full rate of bond interest.

Mail the coupon today for our booklet, "Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety," which tells why investors in every State in the United States and in 30 foreign countries and territories have chosen Smith Bonds.

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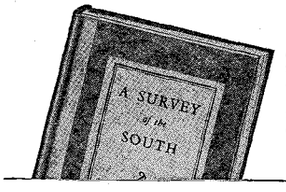

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able would provide for her needs. Otherwise, in all probability, she should turn her funds over to the trust company to invest and safeguard. Especially should she avoid naming an individual as sole trustee for her property, however high his standing and character may be. The designation of a business associate of her husband as co-trustee, however, would probably not be objectionable to the trust company. . . .

"The primary objective of life insurance is to create estates; trust companies were invented to administer them. When a definite financial purpose is to be accomplished, when a certain fixed income or accumulation of principal is desired, life insurance furnishes the unfailing means to that end. When property is to be administered, or income provided as to which elasticity is essential, the trust company occupies the field. That progress has been made toward an understanding of these principles seems demonstrated to-day by the fact that to-day life insurance agents sometimes deliver their prospects within the doors of the trust companies, while bankers are stimulating more and more the demand for life insurance."

Now let us look more specifically at the life insurance trust itself.

It is of two kinds, the funded and the unfunded. In the funded form of trust, the trustor—the man who makes the trust—gives to the trustee a sum of money to invest or a block of stocks and bonds, the income from which is to pay the premium on his life insurance policies. The beneficiary of the *life insurance policies* is the trustee who is instructed by the indenture of trust as to just what is to be done with the income and the principal of the policies. The beneficiaries of the trust are those named by the trustor. This is called the funded life insurance trust because the trustee is supplied with the funds to keep up the insurance.

The unfunded trust is simpler. Here the trustor deposits with the trustee, not securities, but his life insurance policies. Here also the policies are made payable to the trustee under an indenture of trust. The trustor pays the premiums himself in this case. Otherwise the two forms are identical in purpose.

Life insurance trusts may be created for, literally, an endless variety of purposes. Most of them are established to provide an income for the family of the trustor. Five hundred dollars a year will buy quite a little life insurance, the amount depending mainly on the age at which the policy-holder takes out his policies. For men of moderate circumstances the unfunded life insurance trust

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During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

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is the only possible form. A young professional man who has accumulated two or three thousand dollars cannot, obviously, set up a funded life insurance trust of any great size. He can, however, afford to buy out of his income somewhere between $20,000 and $50,000 worth of life insurance, the income from which will run anywhere from $1,000 to $2,500 a year for a long period of years. By providing that principal may be used as well as income, the monthly payments to the beneficiaries of his trust will be enlarged to cover the educational period of the children; though, of course, the life of the trust will be correspondingly shortened.

Just as many people hesitate to make their will because it feels like an irrevocable step, so many people are neglecting to trustee their insurance. But to this both the insurance men and the bankers reply: "You can amend your trust if you so desire and so provide; you can revoke it entirely; you can do a variety of things with it because, in the last analysis, it is your own free act, which you perform for your own benefit. Write to-day the trust deed which in the light of to-day seems the best thing to make; rewrite it in ten years' time to meet the changed circumstances."

For those to whom inheritance taxes are a bugbear the insurance trust offers a means of providing for the payment of "death duties" without drawing on the estate. At first thought there may not seem to be any particular advantage in doing this, but a moment's reflection will show why it is so. Death duties are a first charge on every estate sufficiently large to incur the wrath of the inheritance-tax gods. They must be paid within certain time limits. Now, if the market for the property of the estate happens to be poor, and if there is not enough ready cash to pay the taxes, the assets will have to be sacrificed to meet them. There are endless stories of men who died at times when the market was down, and there are many sad stories of thousands of dollars lost to heirs because of forced sales. "When you die," one inheritance-tax specialist tells his clients, "be sure to die in a bull market."

A life insurance trust provides the ready cash at the moment of death, or near enough to it to pay the inheritance taxes without sacrificing the assets of the estate. It seems to be an ideal remedy.

Life insurance trusts have been advertised as a legal device for escaping from certain of the intolerable burdens of the present inheritance-tax situation. Into this phase of the matter I do not propose to go, and for several reasons. In the first place, no man living to-day can predict what the inheritance taxes of ten years hence will be. In the second place, there is a probability that Supreme Court decisions will convert much of the optimism surrounding insurance trusts as a sovereign cure for inheritance-tax ills into pessimism. At best this phase of the subject is complex and murky. There are plenty of other good reasons for trusteeing your life insurance.

If what has been said in the preceding paragraphs is of interest to any reader of this department, our suggestion is that he talk the matter over with his life insurance friend—though it should be said that not all life insurance men are familiar with this rather new and somewhat technical field. We would also suggest that the trust department of one's bank be consulted. For any given individual a life insurance trust may not be practicable. For a large percentage it is entirely practicable, and those who are in the habit of planning as far ahead as in this world we poor humans can plan will do well to take the life insurance trust under serious consideration.

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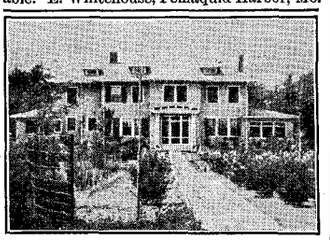

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"Said Death—With His Magniloquent Breath"

By Bill Adams

Lank lived over the road from the ranch I worked on, a hundred yards or so west of our entrance. Uncle Will lived a couple of hundred yards down the road in the opposite direction. He took care of a twenty-acre orchard that joined onto Lank's place and belonged to a non-resident owner. Lank and Will were brothers, though you'd never have guessed it to look at them. Old Lem's daughter Maggie was Lank's wife.

Maggie was a heap younger than Lank. "Lan' sakes," she'd say, "I ain't no spring chicken neither!" Lank was round ten years younger than Lem, but Uncle Will was right close to Lem's age. Lem, who was seventy-two, lived on the other side of the village and peddled vegetables.

I'd been working for my boss about six months. Just after I hired out to him I had a letter from Shirty, who I used to work with years before. He wanted a job, and I told the boss about him; so we were together again.

Shirty and I liked the boss; but the neighbors didn't get to know him well. He told Shirty and me, "I'm the black sheep of my family, by Jove!" He was an English remittance man, and his folks had bought him the forty-acre orchard, figuring to keep him busy. Shirty and I were busy, but he went up and down between the ranch and 'Frisco, two hundred and fifty miles away, to see his girl.

I started out to tell you about Billy and Button and Uncle Will, and I'll get to it quick now. I figured you'd need a bit of the scenery, so to speak.

When the boss was home, Shirty told us Wyoming cowboy stories in the evening, or I told about the sea and sailing ships, or the boss told what it was like when he was at Oxford University.

One day in July Uncle Will's wife took sick. It came on sudden, and she died that evening. They didn't have any children.

I'd passed the time of day with Uncle Will a few times, and that was about all. For a man of seventy he was very active, and he liked folks to know it. It came to be a little boresome, hearing him tell how soople he still was. He had a way of putting his hands on his hips and setting on his heels, going up and down a half-dozen times or so, just to prove that he was as soople as he claimed to be. He was as self-talkative a man as ever I met. Lank rarely spoke.

The day after Uncle Will's wife died Lank came over at four of the morning, when I was currying my mules, and invited me to be one of the pall-bearers. He'd borrowed me from my boss one day the previous week to help him bale some wild-oat hay, and maybe figured that he owed me something.

Without thinking, I said, "Sure."

When I told the folks, my wife said, "What in the world are you going to wear? You can't pall-bear in overalls."

We were poor. I didn't have a suit of store clothes.

When Shirty said, "You can use my store suit," the boss laughed. Shirty was short, and very fat.

They stood round while I tried on Shirty's jacket. It fitted pretty good down the back. The pants were out of the question. The boss, who had a good store suit, said he'd fix me up for pants. I could have had his jacket too, but Shirty offered first, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. The boss's pants and Shirty's jacket were about of a color. I didn't have a store hat, so went bareheaded. The jacket sleeves ended about eight inches from the white cotton gloves that the undertaker gave me. Luckily, I had a pair of new tan work shoes, so my feet were all right.

Uncle Will and his wife lived one side of a barn, with the haymow between their two rooms and the stalls of Billy and Button. The funeral was held in the living-room, and was a success, with a nice sermon and some fine hymns. There was no music. Lank's eldest girl led the singing. Most of the folks had to listen from outside, in the shade of a big fig tree that stood against the barn. Billy and Button clinked their halter chains between times.

That night my wife said, "Don't you think you'd ought to go sit with Uncle Will?"

He opened when I rapped, and we sat opposite each other in the front room. There were two chairs and a table; all he'd ever needed. Above Uncle Will's chair was a picture of the heads of three white horses in a circular frame, and above mine a picture of a watermelon with one slice cut out and lying on a blue plate beside. I didn't know what to say, so asked how long it had been since he came to Californy. He told me how he and his wife came down from the State of Washington in a wagon with Billy and Button round twenty years back.

I said, "You were a lot younger man those days."

He looked hard at me, and said, "I'm a mighty good man yet."

"See here," he added, and, rising, stepped out and put his hands on his hips. He went up and down six or eight times to show me how soople he still was. Button and Billy clinked their halter chains on the other side of the haymow, and he nodded over toward the horses.

"I raised them over twenty year ago," he said, and called: "Hey, Billy! Hey, Button! I raised ye, didn't I?"

He took the lantern down from its hook, and I followed him out, past the fig tree and into the horse barn, where he hung the lantern to the wall and looked at me as though he didn't know what it was that he wanted to say. He put his hands on his hips again and began to go up and down, Button and Billy turning their heads and watching him with big, soft eyes. When he was done showing me how soople he still was, he noticed them.

I felt queer, as though I ought not to be there. The night was full of fig scent. There was no sound.

Uncle Will stepped between Billy and Button, and stood, his back to me, a hand on the withers of each old colt.

I turned away and left him there, his shoulders shaking and his head bowed down.

As I went home I heard the clink, clink, of the old colts' headstalls.

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